JOHN BULL, week ending October 23, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1949

3D EVERY THURSDAY

WOMEN IN THE NEW WORLD by the EDITOR

SWAFFER'S VISION

WHAT THE MOSCOW TALKS MEAN by A. G. G.

The Cup that Cheers

BECAUSE delicious 'Ovaltine' helps to maintain your reserves of strength and energy by day . . . assists you to enjoy peaceful, restorative sleep at night . . . it can do much to promote your cheerfulness and confidence.

For these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your regular daytime and bedtime beverage. Its outstanding qualities are demonstrated by the fact that it is supplied to and widely used by the fighting forces, in Hospitals and Canteens.

Prepared from Nature's finest foods, 'Ovaltine' provides nutritive elements needed for building up body, brain and nerves. It also has the advantage of being naturally sweet so that there is no need to add sugar.

P.O.T.6A

LIFEBUOY in the home gives health protection to the family

You can trust a mother's word—just as mothers can trust Lifebuoy to protect health. There's no surer comfort than the solid fact that Lifebuoy washes away the germs in dirt—wherever it's used.

2½d per 4-oz. tablet—1 coupon (*nett weight when manufactured*)

L 367-690-68

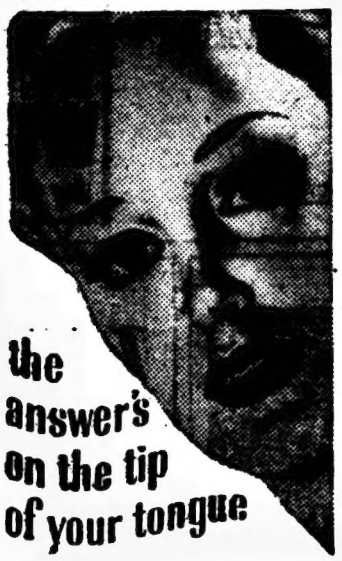
*LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

Babies first, please!

The most delicate baby stomach will accept milk when it is Nestlé's Milk. Time and again Nestlé's Milk — rich, concentrated, yet almost digesting itself — has proved the turning point in a difficult baby's life.

Issued by Nestlé's Milk Products Ltd.

DO YOUR TEETH LOOK LOVELY, TOO?



the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Make the Tongue-Test . . . run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? It collects stains, makes teeth look dingy, unromantic. Change to Pepsodent, for only Pepsodent contains Irium — the super-cleanser that flushes film away. Use it regularly and make sure your teeth look lovely too!

1/3 & 2/2 Inc. Tax
Also made in Powder Form

FOOD FACTS

Nationsout of Nurseries

The Radio Doctor answers questions from mothers of children up to five

Q. I hear a lot about rickets. How can I prevent my unborn baby from having this disease?

A. With cod-liver oil available for every expectant mother and young child in the country there shouldn't be a single case of rickets. Expectant mothers need the Vitamin D contained in cod-liver oil because they are at work on a new human body, the body of the child. Get fish-liver oil tablets from your clinic or welfare centre. Give the baby a daily dose of cod-liver oil until he is at least five years old.

Q. Why should my four-year-old need orange juice and cod-liver oil when he is not constipated and looks strong and healthy? I never was one for giving a lot of medicines.

A. These vitamins are not medicines but foods. No matter how flourishing he looks, your child needs the Vitamin D in cod-liver oil to build strong bones, and the Vitamin C in orange juice to protect his good health.

Q. The orange juice seemed to upset my baby when I gave it to her, and my three-year-old refuses to take his cod-liver oil.

A. When you give orange juice to a baby for the first time add plenty of water to the orange juice and a little sugar. Gradually decrease the amount of water. Don't add the juice to his milk.

In the same way start baby on a very small quantity of cod-liver oil, increasing the amount to the full dose when he is accustomed to it. If older children dislike cod-liver oil, give it to them in dishes in which it can be mixed without being tasted.

Q. I gave my baby orange juice and cod-liver oil until he was two years old, but is it really necessary for him to have it now?

A. Your child should have his vitamins for just as long as he has his green ration book. His health may suffer if you stop them now. The Government is doing its part in protecting your child's health by providing these vitamin foods. Do your part by seeing that he *gets* them.

Vitamin Foods Coupons for vitamin foods are now included in the new B.R.2 ration book. You can get orange juice and cod-liver oil from any welfare centre, clinic or distributing centre.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT FROM TUESDAY TO FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No 171

VIRGINIAS

RED SQUARES A rich, cool, satisfying Virginia. 'Broken Flake' of medium cut. Very cool and long-lasting. • per oz. 2/11

BROWN SQUARES A finer cut Empire Virginia, shredded and toasted. Dark in colour, but very soft flavour. • per oz. 2/7

YELLOW SQUARES Similar style of Matured Virginia, but made exclusively from the best Empire leaf of Virginia type. • per oz. 2/7

PURPLE SQUARES Curlies. The ever popular spun-cut. Little discs of tobacco ready for the pipe. Flavoursome and long-lasting. • per oz. 2/7

★

MIXTURES

BLUE SQUARES A perfectly balanced mixture of finest Virginia and choicest Eastern tobaccos. The indoor smoker's ideal. Rich in natural aroma, but not heady. Medium cut. • per oz. 2/11

GREEN SQUARES A mixture of the old original Scottish type of medium strength and medium cut, made from selected Empire leaf. • per oz. 2/7

It's pukka gen

The Wallah who put me on to FOUR SQUARE certainly had the pukka gen on baccy. No 'mouth' or 'throat' however much you smoke. Must be something in what he said about FOUR SQUARE being a dandy smoke without artificial scent or flavouring. Anyway, from now on it's FOUR SQUARE for me. Six blends to choose from—

FOUR SQUARE Cigarettes 20 for 2/4

FOUR SQUARE

GEO. DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in a position to give that to you Free.

Our fees are still pre-war.

We teach nearly all Trades and Professions by post in all parts of the world. Distance makes no difference.

The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the world.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus.

If you are undecided, write for my Fatherly advice, it is Free.

Direct mail to :—

Dept. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

Mars Bars are simply packed with delicious goodness. Make the most of them by cutting each bar into slices.

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory — and plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere.

Mars

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 23, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

HASTEN THE END!

VICTORY is assured. Our purpose now should be to hasten it.

On land, on sea, and in the air, from Norway to New Guinea, the forces of the enemy are being weakened. By using our advantage to the full, by swift and massive blows, we could destroy them utterly.

Even the neutral report of a new German secret weapon should spur us to immediate action—before the enemy can profit by his ingenuity.

Russian Roll

Why should we wait for another Spring, another summer? This autumn's tides are running, full and strong, in our favour.

From the Eastern Front, Opportunity beckons the West. The vast armies of the Soviets are rolling across the Ukraine, White Russia and the northern lakes towards Poland and Latvia, bridging mighty rivers, piercing the enemy lines, cutting off the Crimea, capturing great cities.

Torch-bearers

To stop the rot in their ranks, the Germans must fall back to the old Polish frontier. Either that; or they must draw dangerously on their reserves for a counter-attack that *might* halt the Russian advance for a few weeks—until the snows come.

Meanwhile, their torch-bearers set fire to every town they leave. An admission that they will not pass that way again!

Call To Us

It is no wonder that fear is chilling the hearts of Germans far from the battlefront. Nor, surely, is it surprising that our Russian friends are so insistent in their advice that we should now use *all* our power to secure a quick decision.

Way Down South

Rumania is withdrawing her civil officials from the territory stolen from Russia with Nazi connivance.

Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria—all are seeking an easy way out of Hitler's war.

Up in Arms

Valiant Greeks are sniping and ambushing. Serbs are wrecking power-stations and blast furnaces, are in control of great areas of once-"Occupied" country. Now the Germans have had to bring up Rommel to fight Tito.

Fighting at their side against the Germans are Italian divisions which a week ago were fighting *with* the Germans.

Italy at War

Not that we should expect too much from Badoglio's declaration of war.

After all, 30,000 Italian troops failed to hold Rhodes for us; the Italian garrison on Cos gave up without firing a shot. But we should be able to use his men along our supply lines.

Two Advantages

Better still, the declaration pledges Badoglio to restore democratic government after the war. And it received the full consent of Russia, thus marking a real step forward towards complete unity between the United Nations!

Kesselring Falls

Of the military situation, we need say little more than that Kesselring has failed for the second time.

We can expect surprises soon. Dramatic surprises to our great advantage. The battles to come will be bitter and costly. But we have the enemy's measure. And before the year is out we should control most of Italy—from which immense bomber forces will roar away to complete the destruction of Germany's war centres.

Japan's Wound

In the Far East, Japan has suffered a "Pearl Harbour in reverse" at Rabaul. Within two hours her hold on the South-West Pacific was loosened by MacArthur's bold stroke.

Within a week or so the monsoon will end in Burma. That should be the signal for Admiral Mountbatten to launch an even heavier thunderbolt. In another strategic area, too, the Japs should soon be mauled and scattered.

The Azores

At sea, also, the sun is rising in splendour.

Our occupation of the Azores, by a master-stroke of diplomacy, means that convoys on the Atlantic winter route will have bomber cover all the way. It should accelerate the passage of American troops for the Western Front!

Torpedoed

Fresh evidence of British ingenuity, moreover, is furnished by the exploit of our midget submarines.

Now the crippled *Von Tirpitz* must limp 1,500 miles to Germany for major repairs. What a grand opportunity, despite the longer nights, for attack by our sea and air forces!

Battle of Germany

Speaking of our bombing offensive, the Prime Minister has for the first time referred to "the Battle of Germany."

● *JOHN BULL offers readers protection for furniture and personal effects against loss by fire, storm, flood, lightning, burglary, etc. Also Free Air Raid Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's).*

● **Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

A true description. It is justified by the Germans themselves. They admit to having lost control of the air over their own land. They acknowledge that the home front, as well as the battle-front, is "threatened with extinction."

Worse is to come to them.

Stopping It Up

Sir Archibald Sinclair tells, as JOHN BULL has already reported, that our attacks are to be intensified.

The R.A.F. is sapping the enemy's power to make war. The Americans are weakening his power to defend himself by shooting down fantastic (but not exaggerated) numbers of his fighters.

Spent Force

Indeed, the *Luftwaffe* is a spent force.

It has been paralysed in Russia. It has almost disappeared from Italy. It is ineffective against Britain. It is dwindling in its own land.

Even though it numbers still some 7,000 front-line machines, it is dispersed and scandalously misused.

Certainly it is still capable of mounting a short but heavy attack on this country. But it is no longer large enough for all Goering's purposes, and its losses are probably outstripping its replacements.

We need fear it no longer as a decisive force. Nor should we shake at the knees because of Mussolini's pathetic threat to form a new little air force of his own!

Invasion Plan A

In France, the Nazis are sleepless with expectation. They have imposed "Plan A" on the suffering French—the plan reserved for an Allied invasion.

Now We Know

Would the cost of big landings be prohibitive? Not necessarily. We have mastered their technique; never again should they involve us in heavy casualties.

Salerno taught us all we wanted to know. That experiment, successful because it made the enemy disperse his strength, was costly only because we had to rely on warship-based aircraft for fighter cover. Whereas all the Channel is under cover by land-based 'planes.

This Is the Hour

In every respect, indeed, the situation calls for daring and determined action on the fullest possible scale.

Our Russian friends will emphasise this at the Moscow Conference. They should not again be disappointed by a soothing but negative answer.

Planning the Peace

Politically, we know, the Conference will be more concerned with broad policy than with details of post-war boundaries.

The question of frontiers can be left till peace is won. What dare not be postponed is an agreement on how the peace can be moulded to provide economic emancipation and political freedom for the peoples. This conference, we believe, should bring hope to myriads.

Those Senators

It will certainly issue a directive to the Mediterranean Commission. That alone should lead to United Nations collaboration in other regions.

But some people fear that, because of the outburst by a few American Senators, the U.S. will revert to isolationism. They remember that it was the Senate which wrecked President Wilson's plan after the last war.

They can be easy. American popular opinion has changed since Wilson's disappointment. And President Roosevelt knows how to deal with those Senators.

Tell the World

None the less, Britain should assist him in dispelling the mists of ignorance and uncertainty. We should announce to the world our policy for post-war trade.

Particularly, as Mr. Shinwell has urged, do we need to be clear in our intentions regarding the future of air and sea transport. Here's a chance for Lord Beaverbrook to hustle!

Back to the Land

Similarly, a group of M.P.s is demanding an early Government statement on post-war agriculture.

The Minister of Agriculture's remark that he has no authority to discuss the matter has aroused disquiet. There is a reasonable fear that, having gone back to the land, official Britain may turn its back on the land when the war is over.

Reforms Coming?

And, of course, there is Beveridge. *And* Scott, Uthwatt, Barlow, education, and all the other reforms we impatiently await. JOHN BULL predicts that the King's Speech will allay anxiety concerning some at least of these subjects—though there is no hope of the Pay-as-You-Earn income tax system being extended beyond the £600-a-year mark. This is illogical and unfair.

Indeed, unless the Government can soon report progress it can be promised a rough passage in the winter session.

(Continued overleaf)

COAL

● We're puzzled. So, we imagine, are quite a few other people.

If Mr. Churchill is right to be so buoyantly optimistic about the coal situation, then why are lads being conscripted for the pits? Why is the public being asked to shiver before fireless grates? Why are miners being urged to work to the point of exhaustion?

We don't know the answers. We suspect that the Prime Minister doesn't know them either.

But we do know that coal production is 400,000 tons a week *less* than in the autumn of 1941, that pit production committees are not tolerated by the owners in three out of every four pits, and that the miners are seething with distrust and discontent.

The men want nationalisation. So do experts. It is opposed not by the majority of the public but only by the Diehards who, in the main, represent vested interests.

Maybe nationalisation is not possible now. But is there any reason why the Government should not guarantee to make it a prime issue at the next General Election?

That would go far to reassure the men. And their working conditions could be improved *now*—by increased mechanisation, more adequate rations, a better system of representation.

Mr. Arthur Greenwood, in an admirable speech, has warned the Government of serious trouble unless concessions are forthcoming.

He is right. Mr. Churchill's speech did not settle the issue—it dodged it.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

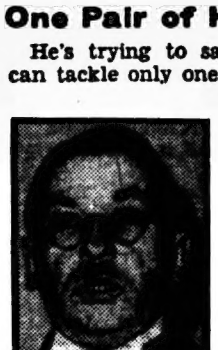
YOU can't go all out for everything at once, says the Minister of Health in a doomed attempt to defend Government apathy towards housing.

Of course, factories and aerodromes have had to come first. But that doesn't mean doing *nothing* about houses.

Mr. Ernest Brown's "all-out" argument is a wash-out.

One Pair of Hands

He's trying to say that the Cabinet can tackle only one job at a time. Ask the housewife-cum-munition-worker-cum-fireguard about that.



Minister of Health

In the meantime, local councils all over the country have been protesting again. At Harrow, Middlesex, there's a waiting list of 1,200 people. Of these, 53 families are known to be living in conditions that menace health. There are expectant mothers at Harrow who can't find a home: there are women with young children who are refused apartments. Yet the local council, who have the labour and the prepared sites for fifty new houses, can't build because the Minister of Health says "No."

Minister of Health, indeed.

Mr. Brown Sits Back

What's happening in Harrow is happening all over the country. From St. Alban's, from Blackpool, from small towns in the Midlands, from big towns in Scotland have come complaints.

They're bitter complaints—not the mild questioning of people settling down to their fifth war winter.

And what has Mr. Brown done besides sitting back and watching his colleagues go all out?

Futile Circular

He's issued a circular, No. 2845. It's designed to authorise local authorities in certain circumstances to acquire houses for homeless people and others in need of accommodation.

That's what it's designed for.

According to the Mayor of a town near London: "This circular contains limitations and qualifications which make it quite useless as a contribution to our general housing problems."

Cheerless Prospect

While this dilly-dallying goes on we hear of a Glasgow woman who has to live with her five children in a one-roomed house. Her sailor husband is coming on leave. But there won't be a bed for him there.

He'll have to stay at a seamen's hostel.

Too Old at 18?

A Sussex girl, just eighteen, went to the local Labour Exchange to apply for war work. They hadn't a single vacancy for anyone of eighteen, though there was a notice stuck up which asked for girls between fourteen and seventeen for the factories.

In the end the Sussex girl was offered a job as a domestic servant.

The Minister of Labour will get no rest while this sort of thing goes on.

Now, Mr. Dalton

The President of the Board of Trade gets no rest either. He doesn't deserve any until he ceases to be merely stubborn and starts to be reasonable.

How many women ever buy a raincoat because they think it will look smart? They buy raincoats out of grim necessity—like men for once—because they want to keep out the rain. And fifteen coupons is too much to ask for something that has nothing whatever to do with the Squanderbug.

Can't be Prepared

Mr. Dalton is being deliberately unkind to Scouts—as the Minister of Information once was carelessly.

An East Grinstead reader tells us of the difficulties his eldest boy found in making up his uniform because of coupons, and how his wife had to patch up a grey shirt.

Other youth bodies seem almost too well provided for in substantial clothes. Don't let's forget the Scouts were first.

Before the News

When Lord Woolton announced that we were getting eighty-four million oranges it was good news to most people.

It wasn't news at all to workers at the tube stations near the London markets. At least, the fact that a lot of oranges had arrived wasn't news.

Because they'd noticed market employees taking home bulky parcels long before the oranges were supposed to have reached this country. And it didn't take a very keen eye to tell what was in those parcels.

Priceless

Oranges are invaluable; mushrooms are valuable. Every housewife knows how to use them for flavouring.

But not so many have known how to get hold of a few this summer considering the price has been about 12s. a lb. in most towns. In the country, shopkeepers have been paying 4d. a lb. to anyone with the energy to go gathering in the fields. Now, the town prices have dropped to 6s. That's only about twice too much.

Wine for the Few

What has happened to the Algerian wine? A few months ago the Government told us it was to be generally distributed through the off-licence shops at 8s. a bottle.

In the provinces you can buy it at that price. But in London you can't buy it at all—except with a meal.

Recent prices reported to us from the West End are 15s. and 16s. 6d. a bottle at two restaurants and 12s. 6d. at a well-known club.

Fleecing the Troops

Others have found an easy way to make money in the West End lately. There's a public-house within two hundred yards of Piccadilly Circus where shifty hangers-on collect regularly every morning.

They wait for American soldiers who haven't yet discovered the wartime value of things like lighters and watches.

A colleague heard one of these tricksters offer fifty shillings for a coloured soldier's wrist-watch and lighter the other day. They were worth at least £10.

Petty Profits

That's profiteering on a grand scale. What about the petty profiteering still going on at the old-fashioned toll-gates?

An Oxfordshire reader reminds us of a toll-gate near his home. It costs twopence every time a cyclist wants to pass. Nearly all the cyclists now are men in the Forces going to the local town for an hour or so. The return trip costs them fourpence.

And fourpence may mean the difference between a private going to the pictures or having to walk the streets.

Milky Way

More money for the Forces every time. But more milk? A Richmond father took his wife and young child to Brighton the other day. Calling at a café, he saw troops being served with glasses of milk, and asked if his little girl might have one.

No, it was for the Forces only.

We don't think many soldiers would be keen on preference like this.

Before the Clash

Instead might not plans be started for giving the men in uniform some preference in holiday travel?

It's the right time now to be considering whether as many as possible ought not to be allowed leave at Christmas. In the past the Forces have had to put up with definite travel bans at holiday times. To civilians there have been appeals—which have been ignored.

This might well be reversed. After all, the great clash—and the bloodiest fighting—are not far off.

Lead by Southend

A week or two ago we wondered whether small-time officials couldn't forget their rules once in a way.

They can, and JOHN BULL wants to thank those in Southend.

We described the plight of an Ex-Serviceman there who was refused a licence to open a greengrocery business—the only means he could see of getting a livelihood. Now he's been offered a good round.

● Leading Aircraftman Blank has been in the R.A.F. three years. He joined up A.1, caught meningitis, went to hospital for five months, and came out unfit for military service.

He went to work in the officers' mess; was then sent to be the Group Captain's servant. That meant doing all the housework, looking after the Group Captain's wife—and even taking her breakfast in bed each morning.

Then they asked him to clean all the windows in the house. Leading Aircraftman Blank refused. So he was posted.

* * *

His mother told us the story. We found it difficult to believe and asked for the son's full name, number and station. The information is available for any member of Parliament who is shocked by the allegations. There are 615 M.P.s. 615 should be shocked.

Generous Reader

We'd like to thank someone else . . . the anonymous St. Austell reader who sent us £3.

That £3 was for the blind boy whose typewriter and other possessions were stolen. Particulars of his case were given in JOHN BULL in the issue of September 11.

Much too Lenient

Mrs. Marjorie McCann, of Aberavon, summoned for cruelty to three dogs for leaving them unattended for 11 days, was fined £1 and prohibited from keeping a dog in future.

An R.S.P.C.A. man said he found the dogs were "little bags of bones." Two had to be destroyed. Mrs. McCann answered that she went away and left the dogs in charge of others.

Justice to Animals

A good many readers will consider the £1 fine hopelessly inadequate. Presumably the other part of Mrs. McCann's punishment can't hurt her much.

A good friend

Nowadays, with so many human lives in peril, there are signs of a growing indifference towards cruelty to animals. Case after case has been sent in to JOHN BULL. That's why it's good to see a copy of a circular just produced by the U.F.A.W. The U.F.A.W. — the Universities Federation for Animal Welfare—sound snobby. But it isn't, and its circular puts forward an eloquent and reasoned plea for justice to animals.

Footnote

Let's finish with a word of high praise for officials of the County War Agricultural Executive Committees.

A letter sent out to a man in Essex was headed: "Our ref.H.Q. TD F. Stuffs/DH/ (1)/B.886/M.M."

Anyone who can make head or tail of that must be good.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Bomber Command has sent out instructions that no raid involving less than 1,000 tons of H.E. must be treated as a major attack; that less than 500 tons mustn't even be considered an attack unless against special targets.**

● *Results, in Germany, show a huge drop in Messerschmitt production after our concentration on fighter factories. And Russia's great advance is holding up transfer of factories to Poland.*

● **A "King's Party" on Italian lines is coming in both Bulgaria and Rumania. Though policy is as yet undefined, Germans are worried. Watch developments.**

● **Conflict between German commanders in Balkans throws into limelight Hitler's practice of establishing double-command for one area. Baron Weichs and *Luftwaffe* General Loehr are now jointly running Balkan military organisation. They disagree as much as Rommel and Kesselring in Italy.**

● *Hitler, by establishing these double-commands, hoped to keep indispensable conservative army generals under constant supervision by trusted Nazi commanders. Scheme is proving a dangerous boomerang.*

● **Morale of troops is affected by these rivalries, which express themselves in quarrels between lower rank staff officers attached to the conflicting commanders.**

WITHOUT FEAR OF

WOM

PATIENCE is not alwa
some respects th
country have been
Nine millions of them
try; millions will certai
when the war is over.

But on what terms?
spared them in its time of
women as men's equals in
the State.

But it has not yet accor
of pay and opportunity—a
that can satisfy the ends
"the better half" of the pop

JOHN BULL believes unre
ciple of equal citizenship.

When it comes to qu
pin our faith to "the ra
matter who does it, and
in all essentially feminine

In regard to opportuni
any discrimination betwee
the extent that family
necessitate.

And, recognising in m
highest service which any
the community, we are ins
for family allowances, adeq
and clinics, and all such oth
required to give mother
deserves.

Intelligent women ever
along the same lines. They
Government to declare itself

Many of them realise
that in this time of nati
their greatest opportunity
For, if true equality
tinues to be denied them
expect to secure it after

Mr. A. Deakin, acting ge
Transport and General Wo
other day to the represent
300,000 women war workers

"I am certain women w
after the war. We shall n
old-time idea that a wom
home."

What he must surely h
place is no longer *exclusiv*
would be a sad day for th
ever cease to be a home-m
of the term.

Actually, of course, th
claim the right to choose
home life, or to combine th
are now doing.

They do not ask for p
fair play. And they rightly
argument that, whereas
according to the value o
women need only be paid
supposedly, "lesser" need

EMPLOYERS, as the Mi
said, "cannot have
must be either the rat
according to need."

Hitherto, unfortunately
not accepted this plain alt
sure of public opinion it co
sation for *war* injuries som
it would not commit itself t
for "duration."

As JOHN BULL pointed
implication is that after the
compensation and pension
ings. Plainly, therefore,
woman's work will continu
worth than a man's.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

WOMEN IN THE NEW WORLD

PATIENCE is not always a virtue, and in some respects the women of this country have been patient far too long.

Nine millions of them are now in industry; millions will certainly continue in it when the war is over.

But on what terms? The nation has not spared them in its time of need. It has rated women as men's equals in the duty they owe to the State.

But it has not yet accorded them full equality of pay and opportunity—and nothing less than that can satisfy the ends of justice or content "the better half" of the population.

JOHN BULL believes unreservedly in the principle of equal citizenship.

When it comes to questions of pay, we pin our faith to "the rate for the job," no matter who does it, and to comparable rates in all essentially feminine occupations.

In regard to opportunity, we are opposed to any discrimination between the sexes except to the extent that family responsibilities may necessitate.

And, recognising in motherhood itself the highest service which any woman can render to the community, we are insistent in our demand for family allowances, adequate nursery schools and clinics, and all such other reforms as may be required to give motherhood the status it deserves.

Intelligent women everywhere are thinking along the same lines. They are calling upon the Government to declare itself upon this vital issue.

Many of them realise, as does JOHN BULL, *that in this time of national emergency lies their greatest opportunity.*

For, if true equality of citizenship continues to be denied them now, how can they expect to secure it after the war is won?

Mr. A. Deakin, acting general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, said the other day to the representatives of more than 300,000 women war workers in conference:

"I am certain women will remain in industry after the war. We shall never go back to that old-time idea that a woman's place is in the home."

What he must surely have meant is that her place is no longer *exclusively* in the home. It would be a sad day for the country should she ever cease to be a home-maker in the best sense of the term.

Actually, of course, the women of to-day claim the right to choose between industry and home life, or to combine them both, as so many are now doing.

They do not ask for privilege, but only for fair play. And they rightly resent the stale old argument that, whereas men must be paid according to the value of their production, women need only be paid according to their, supposedly, "lesser" needs.

EMPLOYERS, as the Minister of Labour has said, "cannot have it both ways: there must be either the rate for the job or a wage according to need."

Hitherto, unfortunately, the Government has not accepted this plain alternative. Under pressure of public opinion it conceded equal compensation for *war* injuries some six months ago, but it would not commit itself to this principle except for "duration."

As JOHN BULL pointed out at the time, the implication is that after the war it will still expect compensation and pension to be related to earnings. Plainly, therefore, it is assumed that a woman's work will continue to be rated at less worth than a man's.

This assumption should be tolerated no longer. "Cheap" labour of any kind tends to depress wages all round. Equality is the only safeguard for both sexes.

Recognising this basic principle, the women delegates to the recent conference passed a comprehensive resolution in support of certain measures essential to secure justice for women at work and in the home, too.

This resolution called for four major reforms, all of which have JOHN BULL's support. They were:

Single rates of pay for all forms of work, thus to put an end to "cheap labour" by women;

The abolition of discrimination against women in industry;

The establishment, *before the cessation of hostilities*, of standards of social security at least equal to those proposed in the Beveridge Report; and,

The continuance and extension of Government control of production and consumption to ensure that industry is devoted first to fulfilling the needs of the people.

The resolution also urged the Executive Council of the Union to press for the inclusion of these proposals in the programmes of the Labour Party and Trades Union Congress.

Labour and Trades Union leaders are agreed on the broad principle of economic and civic equality for the two sexes. But so far they have not made this principle a main plank in their political platforms.

Nor have women themselves yet combined in force to assert their rights and to demand their immediate satisfaction.

Then, although 95 per cent. of the nine million women now in industry have had their pay and conditions arranged through the trade union movement, not more than a million of them have actually joined a union!

They need, as Mr. Arthur Deakin told them, to become "more politically minded." They should not be content with equality of pay and conditions in their own work, but should do their utmost to support their underpaid comrades in other occupations.

For there are still far too many of them. A South Wales delegate said that in her factory there were numbers of women earning only 11d. an hour although they had been doing men's work for eighteen months.

This disparity of pay can be matched in thousands of other cases throughout the country.

True, conditions generally have greatly improved since the war began. But there is no guarantee that the improvement will be maintained when peace comes, still less that equality of pay and conditions will become the accepted rule for the whole nation!

In this connection, too, JOHN BULL must again stress the importance of raising the standard of living of nurses, domestic servants and other women in specialised callings.

MR. BEVIN is preparing a charter for servants. It is his ambition to raise the status of the domestic worker to a fair industrial level. The nursing profession, so long and so consistently undervalued in terms of money and comfort, *must* be given similar consideration.

If not, the country will certainly go short of nurses and servants.

It is, indeed, folly to expect women to do good and valuable and arduous work in any capacity for contemptible wages and scanty recognition.

And this applies no less to housewives and mothers of families than to women workers outside the home. We are not prepared to advocate a wage for wives, but we certainly maintain that married women should be entitled to what we have previously described as "an equitable division of partnership profits."

The Government has virtually recognised this principle in its civil injuries scheme, under which, for the first time in our history, married women with children are officially held to be "in gainful employment."

By ordinary standards, many of them gain scandalously little. Nevertheless, the Government is committed to the principle of family allowances and professes its intention to provide sufficient nursery schools to free mothers for part-time work if they choose to take it—and can find it.

But why should the women of Britain be kept waiting for these reforms? The rate for the job could be established forthwith and family allowances in the vague to-morrow are of no help to the parents of to-day.

Let us face the fact that our womenfolk have shirked neither hardship nor danger in this tremendous struggle for world freedom.

Without their help, we could not achieve total victory, and we shall not build a better world for "the common man" unless women are given the right to help him build it on equal terms.

Are We Losing an Army?

TO-DAY, 200,000 young Frenchmen are being hunted by the Gestapo and the Laval-directed Vichy police.

They are patriots who have left their homes to hide in the mountains from the Alps to the Pyrenees, from the hills and forests of Auverge to the flat-lands of Sologne.

They defy death penalties and face intense hardship.

★ ★ ★

Food is scarce and rationed. They need warm clothes, shoes and adequate shelter. Peasants do their best to help, but many of these young men are facing a second winter of voluntary exile rather than be "directed" into German labour camps.

With the fall of Mussolini, French hopes soared. The Allied invasion was expected at any moment.

Parents decided that they would sooner have their sons in dangerous hiding than forced into Germany's slave-manned industries. So the "outlaws" numbers rose above 200,000.

★ ★ ★

But the Allies have not yet been able to help these potential soldiers.

Slowly they are being starved and hunted into surrender. Laval sends them to the factories and mines of the Third Reich.

A warning comes from Frenchmen recently arrived in this country. They tell us plainly that we are losing men eager to fight on our side, men who will be dead or in Germany when we strike the long-awaited blow.

"Actually you are losing at least one division every month, which the German industrial army is gaining," said a member of the secret French Resistance Council a short time ago.

The tragic man-hunt goes on. But despite Laval, Vichy is not so zealous as the Gestapo would wish, and losses to the enemy war-machine and firing-squads are not so heavy as they might be.

Also acting as a deterrent to Vichy are General de Gaulle's radio spokesmen who name and threaten with reprisals notorious quislings among the police force.

★ ★ ★

Meanwhile the hounded face the winter with their problem unsolved; their weapons and supplies are few. Resistance weakens.

Allied statesmen should remember this patient voluntary army when making future decisions.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

Open Letters

Lt. Gen. IRA EAKER, C.-in-C., Eighth U.S. Army Air Corps

DEAR GENERAL,—Months ago when you were patiently building up in this country the great armada of Forts and Liberators which to-day are blasting so effectively vital arms production centres in Germany, some British air chiefs and experts were inclined to question the wisdom of your daylight bombing theories.

The critics were sceptical about the ability of your force to raid effectively targets deep within the borders of the Reich.

And perhaps some of them—such is the frailty of human nature—had a sneaking hope that their doubts would be justified.

Recent magnificent feats of bombing by your Air Force have thrown hopelessly out of gear the whole system of German fighter 'plane production and seriously impaired the building of more submarines. The blazing .5 guns of Flying Fortresses—a master-stroke of armament, that gun—have destroyed hundreds of fighters that tried in vain to protect Nazi targets.

That is only the beginning.

As German fighter strength gets weaker and weaker your heavy bombers will swarm in massive formations over the Reich, knocking out factories and destroying production centres.

Vindication of your theories is one of the grandest surprises of the war. Perhaps I should not use that word surprise.

For the real surprise would have been the failure of your splendid 'planes and crews to achieve what they set out to do.

Once Hitler said: "Any help America can give Britain will be too late." I wonder how he'll explain that away to blasted Marienburg, bomb-scarred Emden, and other cities that have felt the fury of the Flying Fortresses?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES GRIGG, M.P., Secretary for War

DEAR SIR JAMES,—The case of Capt. W. Douglas-Home, who received War Office permission to contest St. Albans nearly a fortnight after his application, and some hours after the Conservative candidate had become M.P., is a disturbing one.

It may seem trivial to raise the matter. For your department is busy with much more pressing matters than considering the request of an officer who has Parliamentary ambitions. But the delay at Whitehall which deprived Capt. Douglas-Home of his constitutional right to stand for Parliament is, to say the least, regrettable.

After more than four years of intense—we hope—activity, the War Office should be efficient enough and well organised enough to get on with its work without these maddening delays.

But there's no quick way, even now, out of the Red Tape jungle.—JOHN BULL.

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, M.P., Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR STAFFORD,—Mr. Frederick George Winter, a chief inspector at an aircraft components factory, is drawing £12 10s. a week for staying at home and doing nothing.

His firm won't employ his services. They can't dismiss him. Mr. Winter is tired of being on "extended leave" since August 19. He feels that his six years' experience as an inspector must be of some value to the war effort.

The "winter of his discontent" can easily be thawed.

Common-sense from you and the Minister of Labour will settle what is after all a stupid and intolerable situation.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. H. H. BALFOUR, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Air Ministry

DEAR CAPTAIN BALFOUR,—Post-war control promises to be the greatest political, social, and industrial issue of our times.

Your Margate speech, in which you declared "Endless control is dangled as the carrot to cure all evils at all times," can hardly be regarded as a valuable contribution to a vital question.

Control, State or otherwise, for the sake of control serves merely to increase the power of bureaucracy. But absence of control, when that control is essential to the well-being of millions of people, amounts to criminal neglect.

Your Margate metaphor was ill-chosen.

Maybe, you, like others in high places who have eyes but see not, still regard the Briton as a human donkey, ready to follow anyone who uses a carrot as a bait.

It is inconceivable that any man of intelligence can visualise the Britain of post-war years without some form of control.

Problems of the first importance cannot be solved unless there is authority to direct and supervise the life of the nation.

Other members of the Government speak in favour of some measure of control. The public is bewildered. One of these days, I suppose, there will be a Government statement to end our anxiety.—JOHN BULL.

Commander T. D. GALBRAITH, M.P., Pollok, Glasgow

DEAR COMMANDER,—Your suggestion that husbands and sons should help in the home is perhaps a little out of date.

Few younger men to-day—at least among those still in civilian life—refuse to work in the home. They help with the washing up, take a hand with the cooking, and quite a number take on regular household duties, such as dusting and cleaning, before they go to work or when they get home.

In many homes boys help to lay tables; others do some of the shopping. And neither men nor boys think the jobs they do are demeaning or unmanly.

I have never regarded the husband who helps his wife as anything but a good fellow.

The war has taught men something of that burden which is constantly borne by the woman who runs a home.

However, few men are qualified to knit, darn or sew. And few wives, I imagine, would entrust their precious household linen or clothes to bungling amateur needlemen.

After the war there may be some desire on the part of the men to give up those home duties they undertook in days of servant shortage and working wives.

It's up to the wives to keep the men on the domestic jobs.

I've no doubt that many of them will persuade their men to carry on.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD SIMON, The Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—Lamentable neglect of the rules of justice. Absolutely outrageous. Deplorable. Grievous . . .

Such were some of the terms used by the Lord Chief Justice and two of his brother judges concerning a juvenile court. You remember the case, of course. It is already so notorious that I need say no more about it.

But I must insist that equal attention should be given to the system of choosing magistrates as to the derelictions of particular magistrates.

And that system is all wrong. It is fantastic that people should be appointed to judge their fellows—and, above all, to try young children—for no better reason than that they happen to have made money as grocers, or are popular in snobbish drawing-rooms, or are interested in the local football club.

Better qualification would surely be a knowledge of the law combined with a sense of human sympathy.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT **By PALLAS**

COMPARING PAST AND PRESENT

I WAS glancing casually through a bound volume of a cheap cookery magazine, dated 1896. The Boer War had yet to cast its comparatively trivial shadow over Britain. The country was approaching a peak period of industrial prosperity.

★ ★ ★

Apart from the Crimean War and minor campaigns in Africa, Britain had had peace since the days of Napoleon.

The yellowing pages of the magazine appeared quaint to the trained newspaper eye. The advertisements were crude. But they were an economic pointer to the closing years of Victoria's reign.

Carpets were for sale at 2s. 11d. each. (The other day I heard of a woman who was asked £875 for a carpet for her lounge.) The same Leeds firm offered two carpets and two rugs for 7s. 11d.

For one guinea you could buy in 1896 100 pieces of crockery, dinner, tea and breakfast services. (Last week I saw the remnants of a dinner service, thirty-seven second-hand pieces for sale. The price was £17 10s.)

For 15s. in those days you could buy a silver-plated teapot, sugar bowl and milk jug. (Don't ask me what the cost to-day would be. I don't know.)

An oil stove to cook dinner for six at a cost of 1d. was advertised for 9s. 9d.

Those prices, I suppose, were typical of living costs then. A friend of mine who married about that time paid 3s. 6d. a week rent for a six-roomed house with garden back and front.

And they indicate that the wages question does not depend on what a man earns but on what money buys. A man making £5 a week then could live in comparative luxury. And the skilled worker with his 35s. or 40s. a week was as well off as his successor who to-day is earning £8 or £10.

All this talk of improved conditions ignores the main fact—that, though the workers' hours are less, their welfare considered, and their health and homes better—the standard of living in terms of purchasing power has not appreciably increased.

★ ★ ★

I'm not suggesting that the nation would benefit by switching back to the days of '96. But it is significant that some of those who remember the late 'nineties think the world was a better, happier place then than it is now.

And these old people are not taking into account the miseries and horrors of war.

It may seem stupid even to try to draw futile comparisons. But we live in a stupid age—and in this respect at least we are easily ahead of our grandfathers.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—2

★ A group of children organised themselves into efficient fire-fighters around Hermitage Wall, Wapping. Saving lives, homes, and horses, some of them died at their self-appointed posts.

By FRANK R. LEWEY, J.P.,

Mayor of Stepney during the Blitz

DEAD END KIDS v. THE LUFTWAFFE

COME with me to Hermitage Wall, Wapping.

Desolate sort of hole, isn't it? Pretty bad before the *blitz*, and worse now that the mark of the German Beast has been left on it. Not much here but ruins, and the lapping Thames.

But over there, in Watson's Shelter, closed now because blast has made it unsafe, is a scribbled record of courage that equals the chiselled inscription at the base of any War Memorial.

Here is what I wanted to show you :

DEAD END KIDS DEPARTMENT

Ritz, Bristol, Carlton, Tiffany's, Park Lane, Marlborough.

The Dead End Kids helped to stand between the hundreds who, not long ago, sheltered here, and the Terror That Flies by Night.

Patsie Duggan was their leader. He is one of the seventeen children of a Stepney dustman. Patsie's father is a Warden. His mother has a record of her own; it was she who put out a blazing incendiary bomb on Wapping Island's wooden bridge and so undoubtedly saved the bridge one night when more than 300 fires burned in that small area.

Patsie was working as a docker when the war began.

He became a volunteer Shelter Marshal (unpaid) at Watson's Shelter, and formed a fire-party which took the name of "The Dead End Kids."

Patsie Duggan. Jackie Duggan. Fred Pope. Ronnie Doyle. Harold Parker, Eddie Chusonis. Joe Storey. Terry Conolly, Graham Bath. Ronnie Ayres, Oswald Bath. Bert Eden. Maureen Duggan.

Their ages ranged from eighteen to nearly thirteen.

Patsie chose them as carefully as the Army chooses its Commandos and for the same qualities—stark courage, hard steadiness, strength, resource, fearlessness of death.

There were scores of applicants. When death became their nightly companion it was obvious that Patsie had chosen well.

They were split into sections of four. Each section was responsible for a district of Wapping Island, which is connected with the mainland only by two bridges, one of them of wood.

None of these baby fire-fighters was paid.

They drilled hard, and practised day and night for what they knew was coming. Then the Air Armada came.

Always on Duty

Facing this, racing from their dusty cubicles underground that they had pathetically named after the world's greatest hotels, came the Dead End Kids' parties, cool, disciplined, steady—but only children, you know, after all.

Patsie's badge of office was a short iron bar of which miracles are told. It saved many people's lives. The Kids had their own hand-truck, stirrup-pumps, steel helmets, rubber boots, gloves, sand-buckets and spades and an extending ladder.

One of the Kids was always on duty, sitting out in wind or rain or sleet on the roof of Watson's Shelter, firebomb-spotting. Whenever any job needed doing he directed a Kids' Section to the place and called what equipment they need take.

Twice, blast literally blew these small watchers from their seat. Dogged and undaunted they climbed back and carried on.

One night there was a terrific fire near by.

It was a job for the whole gang—these children gave it that signal honour! They ran their truck so near that onlookers tried to drive them back. As well try to turn back marching ants. They vanished into the flames like little black imps. They did incredible things.

There came another heavy night *blitz*. Wapping was burning in several hundred places.

In the words of a spectator: "In a moment ten little boys bolted up the stairs yelling and laughing ready to *eat* fires!"

Into the Flames

One building, burning furiously, contained about thirty horses. Young Ronnie Ayres led his section into the flames. Other sections went in after them as steady as Guardsmen.

Their clothes smouldered but they beat them into black soot. Their faces, runnelled with red lines of sweat, were black. The wood of the stables crackled, the flames curled and spat, the horses pranced, screeching.

They got every horse out and led the lot to safety through the fire. Then Ronnie went back with his section.

The Kids' sections were moved here and there by their veteran young commander. Ronnie's section was running towards some houses on which a load of incendiaries had just fallen when three heavy bombs exploded just beside them.

Ronnie Ayres and Bert Eden were killed almost instantaneously and another boy was wounded. Patsie Duggan was also hit but carried on.

They carried Ronnie back to his home; and while his body lay there, his notice to join the R.A.F. arrived. He had been longing for it to come, but when it came he had been killed doing his duty in the flaming streets.

Patsie wanted to recommend Ronnie Ayres for a posthumous decoration. Perhaps these suggestions are not given the same weight from a youngster. I wonder if it is yet too late for that decoration to be awarded? I was Mayor then; I have verified these stories, and many others of Ronnie's gallantry, and would gladly collect any more evidence that might be required.

When casualties thinned the ranks, Patsie chose others to fill the vacant places from an anxious waiting-list. On one occasion the Kids rescued 230 people from a badly menaced shelter and escorted them through falling bombs to safety.

We had some bombed-out children billeted at the "People's Palace." One night a cluster of incendiaries fell in the gardens and started to blaze up against some buildings.

The morning after—the Kids helped to reunite families

The resident caretaker, Mr. Crawley, who himself won a reputation as a fire-fighter, told me, next morning, how those small boys "went over the wall like a pack of monkeys, and dowsed the bombs as if they were snuffing so many candles."

They ought to have been in bed; but their action probably saved the "People's Palace."

The Stepney Scouts deserve a word to themselves.

Into one of our shelters a woman came crying, with five tiny children trailing crying after her. Her house had caught fire, and, in the rush to escape, she had left one of her babies behind.

Two small Scouts, almost extinguished beneath steel helmets, instantly raced out through shrapnel and bomb-bursts, calmly entered the blazing house, and brought the little girl back.

She looked very proud of her escort. And well she may have been!

There were over 700 people in the shelter at the time.

Gallant Scouts

Scout John Cox was thirteen years old. He was working with a party in a Stepney church that caught fire, and was then struck by another load of incendiaries. Cox was sent on a message. As he stepped out of the porch, the bells, weighing some tons, crashed through the roof on to the place where he had been standing a second earlier.

The little boy went white with fear but stiffened up again and went straight down to help evacuate people sheltering under the church. He encouraged them, marshalled them, led them to safety.

Patrol-Leader Lorkin had to take over a man's duty in the watchroom when every man was called out to deal with incidents. A call came from Lorkin's house where his mother and sister were alone. He sent a party there and carried steadily on with his work.

There are scores of other stories of Scouts and non-Scouts, boys and girls, some of them almost babies.

Never let us forget them. Never let us rest till we have given our children the education and housing they ought to have, after the war they helped to win is over!

MIRACLE THAT HAPPENED

IT was, I think, G. K. Chesterton who said that the most amazing thing about miracles is that they sometimes happen.

He would have found support for his view in the recent case of Lieut. John V. Bendoritis, pilot of an American Liberator bomber of the Mediterranean Strategic Air Force.

Lieut. Bendoritis, heading for Italy one morning, found himself instead on his way to Davy Jones's Locker.

Which was when the miracle intervened.

★ ★ ★

He had taken off in the early morning with a load of 500 pound demolition bombs and the intention of planting them on a German-held quay.

The sky contained a few cotton-wool clouds reflecting the light of the early sun, and the Mediterranean beneath him was a shimmering blue.

He came down to within 30 ft. of the waves to get a sea-level altimeter reading before starting his climb towards the high reaches of the sky.

While doing so, his wheel started kicking in and out as if somebody was working the dual controls, and he glanced at his co-pilot, one Lieut. Reynolds.

But Reynolds' hands were in his lap.

The next thing Lieut. Bendoritis felt was a terrific smack as the Liberator hit the sea, and a moment later he was washed out of it.

He kicked his legs and heaved himself part way out of the water to look around.

The Liberator had disappeared, but he saw Reynolds struggling with his life-jacket, and swam over to help.

It was then that he felt a sudden sharp pain in his left leg and a sense of shock.

"I figured I must have sprained it, or something," he said. "I turned over on my back to take a look, and the sea was all red behind me!"

A closer anguished inspection showed him that a good part of his leg was missing.

★ ★ ★

"This," he murmured grimly, "is it!" And having no desire to bleed slowly to death he asked Reynolds for the loan of his .45.

At that precise moment of destiny a floating hunk of timber with a package tied to it bumped into Lieut. Bendoritis.

Glancing at it blankly, he took in the fact that it was too small to act as a raft for Reynolds and the waist gunner, who had just swum to join them, and he pushed it away.

It came back and bumped him again, urgently, as if demanding attention. Or was that his wandering fancy?

He looked more closely at it, and saw the inscription on the package. It read: *U.S. Army Medical Department.*

He supposed that he had become delirious, but nevertheless he groped, with trembling fingers, inside the package—and drew out a modern, foolproof army tourniquet!

Reynolds and the waist gunner helped Lieut. Bendoritis to apply the tourniquet to what was left of his leg.

It saved his life.

A little later the three men located a rubber raft floating over the grave of their Liberator, and managed to climb aboard.

★ ★ ★

The rest of the story is, in these days of brilliant rescue technique, commonplace. In short, they were located, picked up, and delivered to a North African hospital, where Lieut. Bendoritis has nearly recovered, and soon will require an artificial leg.

He has already acquired a faith equal to G. K. Chesterton's in the matter of miracles!

PATRICK SPENCER.

★ We can be proud of our British birthright, of our country's achievements in the past and present. And, with Hannen Swaffer, we can resolve that the British Commonwealth shall be made a blessing for all mankind

Swaffer's Vision of the Future

I BELIEVE, while millions doubt, in the British Commonwealth and its vast potentiality for good.

I believe, while the nations squabble, in the British people, their qualities of tolerance, their calm in adversity, their stalwartness in peril, their sense of justice.

I believe, amid the confusion of tongues in the English language and its destiny, if only because of wireless and talkies, to give mankind a common form of expression.

I believe, midst cynicism, scepticism and distrust, in fairness and understanding, in co-operation and planning, and in the power of the human will to turn chaos into order and to establish lasting peace.

BRITISH CHARACTER

Had I not this faith, I would despair of everything and admit that the war was being fought in vain.

The war, whatever its waste of life and treasure, has given new life to democracy and its institutions.

The war, despite its suffering and its misery, has discovered, for all the world to see, the virtues of the common man and woman.

The war, calamitous though has been its cost, has disclosed to us the immeasurable resources in our nationhood.

The war, if its lessons are learned, will have been worth while. Nothing can be achieved without sacrifice. Life is born of pain. Courage is a child of necessity. Strength comes only through toil.

Five years of war, if its lessons are applied to our national economy and to our daily lives, will move us on a century in a decade.

I believe that there is in the British character the sense of justice upon which peace can be re-established in Europe, if only that sense of justice, and not revenge and bitterness, finds expression. I believe, too, that there is in the British character the will, if only it is organised and directed, to insist on the changes and reforms necessary at home.

It was that sense of justice which enabled the British Commonwealth to grow and to develop its multiform institutions and which will broaden its freedom and widen its liberties.

THE BACK STREETS

It is that will that, in the distant past, made proud kings tremble, which turned "divine right" into the chairmanship of a Privy Council, which destroyed the restrictive power of peers and priests, and which replaced tyrannies of squires and landlords by local governments which are a model for the world.

I believe in the genius of the British people, which, more than any other race, has endowed men and women everywhere with a wealth of inventions and knowledge.

It was found, invariably—and even before the days of popular education!—in the small homes and the back streets of our land.

From them came the steamboat, the steam-engine, and the spinning-jenny. Men born in them gave to the world antiseptics and chloroform.

One of the Commonwealth leaders the whole world respects—Smuts

One produced Shakespeare, another Keats, and a third Bunyan.

Crome was an errand boy. Turner was a barber's lad. Constable was a miller's son.

Our aristocracy produced next to nothing.

It was our Parliament upon which the rest were modelled.

It was we who first gave equality to Jews. It was we who first freed the slaves.

UNITY OF AIM

Insular we may have been. But it was within the bounds of our geographical isolation that there were born nearly all the world movements—the Red Cross, evolved from the pioneer work of Florence Nightingale; the lifeboat service, invented by an Isle of Man parson; the Salvation Army; the Boy Scouts; Sunday-schools; animal welfare; the temperance crusade; and the Co-operative movement. All these spread to all the continents.

Nearly all were inspirations in days of darkness, when self-interest was a god and ignorance reigned.

If, then, such culture could shine, such vision spring and such benevolence become radiant, think of what would be possible if the educational ladder could be climbed by all who chose and there began an order of Society based not on competition but on unity of aim....

But, though I may believe all this, how many do?

Already there are attacks on planning by those who see a quick profit in chaos, sneers at idealism by some who want to "get lit up when the lights go up in London," and cries for repression and revenge.

Had I been sitting with the Brains Trust on the night when, last week, "What are the seven blunders of the world?" was asked, I should have replied that the worst of all was our failure to start planning a century ago.

Then, when the industrial revolution began, we erected hundreds of thousands of sordid, ill-made homes, rushing them up to supply a pressing need, but thinking of nothing else.

That began an era in which unplanned towns were built and the beauties of the countryside became a blot on Civilisation that still remains.

No one thought of satisfying more than urgent need. Few had vision. The placid order of Nature was murdered by the greediness of Man.

DEEPER FAITH

And so, from then until the war made us begin to see the virtues in planning, which before only the few had preached, the chaos became more chaotic and the confusion blundered into a greater mess.

Natural resources were sucked dry, and the places once wealthy in their possession became desolate and bare, except for empty factories and houses tumbling into decay.

It became a time of recurrent booms, in which millions were made by speculators, and subsequent slumps, in which countless thousands starved.

Then of our island genius was born a great idea—that planning could take the place of the old cruel law of "Supply and Demand," a man-made limitation of the use of the earth's wealth into a rhythm of ordered progress—and that the problem to be studied was how best the world's bounty could be spread.

That idea can—if you all will it—become a reality.

The island people who once freed the slaves can now free themselves. I believe that.

But they must have the will. They must deafen their ears to the parrot-cries of "Free Industry!" and "Take Off Controls!" These are mere shibboleths, the hypocrisy of which, yelled by the selfish, they must know how to answer.

The British race, the people from which I sprang and to which, very proudly, I belong, have developed an evolutionary method of progress which needs only greater speed in its pace and deeper faith in its future.

MIGHTY WILL

Largely we have fulfilled our mission. We have taken light into dark places. We have for long periods in the past been a beacon light to all those who sought freedom elsewhere.

Discarding such phrases as "What we have we will hold" as part of the old days of privilege, we must replace it by Tom Paine's immortal words, "The world is my country, mankind are my brethren, to do good is my religion."

All alone in 1940 we defended Civilisation when any other race would have despaired and given in. Unafraid, we braved the *Blitz*.

If in the future we face the perils to come with only a tithe of that stalwartness—if in the days of doubt ahead of us we preserve our faith and then transmute it into a mighty will—then, indeed, can we win for ourselves greater and wider enfranchisements and make them a blessing for all mankind.

But if we fail—if we revert to the old system—there is nothing ahead but calamity and death.

WHAT TH

★ A new World Order of peac... dream. It can be accomplished... realise that, when the war is over... to remould. And it will be ac... gives the lead and pre...

By A. G... GARDI...

THE Moscow Conference is imminent, an... in the coming weeks the hopes and th... prayers of the world will be centred i... it. It does not come a day too soon... The climax of the war is reached, and thi... winter will be decisive.

The end, whenever it comes, must no... catch us unprepared for the mighty task tha... follows. It is that task to which the Moscow... Conference will address itself.

It is not a War Conference. It is a Peac... Conference. Its purpose is to see that thi... war shall not have been fought in vain—tha... from the ashes of the old world that has gon... up in flames a new and better world shall b... born.

What is to be the corner-stone of tha... new world? It is the abolition of force i... the affairs of nations. It is the substitutio... of the rule of law for the rule of war. It i... the establishment of World Order in place o... World Anarchy.

THE PILLARS OF THIS NEW WORLD STRUCTURE ARE SELF-EVIDENT. THEY ARE THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, RUSSIA, AND CHINA.

They must be the chief architects of th... new World Order, not because they hav... borne the burden of the war, but becaus... they alone have the power to implement th... victory and sustain the new fabric of civil... sation.

China will not be represented at th... Moscow Conference for the reason that sh... is not engaged in the European war, but i... the later stages her voice will have equ... authority with the rest.

* * *

The first problems that will confront th... Conference are those concerned with th... administration of Europe immediately th... war is over. These things cannot be delaye... till the formal Peace Conference.

The work of salvaging the human an... social wreckage left by Hitler will have to b... attacked instantly. Famine and chaos wi... be universal. There will be starving million... to be fed, and the machinery for feeding the... and the priorities to be observed in the pro... cess must be settled forthwith.

The disarmament conditions must b... agreed on, and the share of each Power i... the occupation of Germany defined.

The task of policing and keeping ord... in Europe will alone be one of enormous ma... nitude. The crimes of Hitler and his gan... will have left behind a passion of hatred an... revenge that must be controlled and r... pressed.

All local government, not in Germa... alone, but in all the countries Hitler h... devastated, has been wrecked, and until it... restored the responsibility of keeping so...

THE MOSCOW TALKS MEAN

stice, and contentment is no vain
he Big Four of the United Nations
whole globe will be in their hands
plished if the Moscow Conference
s the way before victory

GARDINER

semblance of civic peace will fall on the occupying Powers.

There will be also difficult questions of frontiers that must be provisionally settled—questions affecting the Balkans, the Baltic provinces, and the Central European States.

On all these matters there will be differences of interest and outlook between the occupying Powers which only wise and tolerant statesmanship can reconcile.

* * *

Behind these instant and urgent questions will loom the great permanent issues of the peace. These have been defined in the Atlantic Charter, and have been endorsed in principle by the four great Powers.

But until now there has been no attempt to face the practical implications of the Charter and reduce them to specific terms.

At Moscow, Mr. Eden, Mr. Molotov, and Mr. Cordell Hull will grapple with this great matter and seek to formulate a common policy in regard to the future of the world.

It would be idle to speculate on the direction their exploratory talks will take, but it may not be unhelpful to sketch roughly the kind of new World Order that we may hope to see arise from the ruins of the old World Anarchy.

* * *

The imperative condition of any such Order is that there shall be an international framework. It must be a framework which will not destroy the internal liberties of the nations constituting the Order.

But it must have powers conferred on it by those nations which will make it supreme

Looking across to the Lenin Museum, the Moscow delegates should perceive, as Lenin did, the opportunity for vast changes

in all the affairs which are common to the whole world.

It must be the source of international law. It must be the seat of international justice. It must have the exclusive exercise of force.

It must have the power to outlaw war, to forbid competitive armaments, to compel nations to submit their differences to the arbitrament of the law rather than of the sword.

It must demilitarise the air. It must establish the freedom of the sea. It must police the world.

It is a large order. But it must be achieved. Only in this way can power politics be destroyed. Only in this way can World Anarchy give place to World Order.

* * *

How can it be accomplished? The solution is in the hands of the Big Four.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER, BRITAIN, RUSSIA, THE UNITED STATES, AND CHINA WILL HOLD THE WORLD IN THE HOLLOW OF THEIR HANDS. THEY WILL BE ABLE TO MOULD IT TO ANY PATTERN THEY LIKE.

They will have the monopoly of sea, air, and land power. They will control the whole resources of the earth. They will represent four-fifths of the population of the earth. They will have behind them the whole sentiment of mankind.

Let them raise the standard of the "One World." Let them enter into what Mr. Walter Lippmann calls a "nuclear alliance"—an alliance which will welcome within its fold all the nations of the earth that are willing to accept its conditions, friends and neutrals alike, and in due time even those who have been the enemies of the human race.

Within this international framework a new Europe could come to birth under a sky no longer darkened by the German menace.

How Germany will be dealt with is a phase of the Moscow Conference which does not concern me here. But the Prussian fangs will be drawn from the jaws of Europe this time with a thoroughness that will prevent them ever getting back into their sockets again.

And, free at last from the haunting Fear that has kept Europe in a fever for seventy years, we should see a regrouping of the lesser Continental nations which should add to their security, their peace, and their prosperity.

So far as their territories are concerned, they will be restored to the *ante bellum* status, and their national integrity will be preserved undiminished.

But in the new Europe there will be no room for their local antagonisms—Hungarian against Rumanian, Bulgar against Greek, Pole against Czech.

I should like to see them grouped on regional lines—Danubian, Balkan, Scandinavian, Central European, and so on—for their economic and cultural betterment and for their political elevation.

In such groups they would play an important part in the reconstruction of the New Europe and in consolidating the new World Order.

* * *

Is this a vain dream? I do not think it is. This or something like this must be accomplished if the next generation is not to suffer the fate of this and the last.

IT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED IF THE BIG FOUR WILL ITS ACCOMPLISHMENT. IT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED IF THE MOSCOW CONFERENCE WILL GIVE THE LEAD.

Let the members of that Conference keep two things in mind. First, that there is only one alternative to World Order. It is World Anarchy.

Secondly, that no price is too high to pay for a world founded on the rock of law, justice and equity.

How Strong is Europe's Underground?

NOW is the time when we must try to assess the strength of the great European underground movements in strictly military terms.

These gallant patriots are more than the romantic guerillas whose exploits have fired the imagination of the outside world.

* * *

To their credit we can now reckon them as a real military force.

The greatest military achievement yet accomplished by underground fighters has helped the Allies to occupy Corsica with a minimum of effort and loss of life.

A strong German garrison was all but routed by patriots relying on arms supplied by the Allies.

It is no longer a secret that weapons have also been reaching the Yugoslav guerillas, and the communiqués of the "Yugoslav Army of Liberation" prove that they have made good use of them in spite of vicious German attempts to wipe out this threat to their rear.

There are to-day at least 1,000,000 Yugoslav and Greek guerillas fighting the Nazis.

That huge force can be taken into military account, and even though not all of them may be first-class soldiers, there can be no doubt that once they have received full equipment from the Allies, *it will equal an army of twenty divisions in the field.*

So fewer Allied regular troops will be needed for the coming battle of the Balkans.

The position is not quite as favourable in the north of Europe.

Certainly the Norwegian patriots have proved their heroism and their endurance in the face of relentless German pressure.

But the first tendency of Norwegian youth was to escape and join the Allies elsewhere. And the Germans have succeeded by murder, mass arrests and deportation in eliminating a higher percentage of able-bodied men from Norway than they have done in south-east Europe.

* * *

We shall be wise not to expect more than the equivalent of two divisions of Norwegians to help us in Norway itself.

As matters stand in Denmark to-day, there is still a large body of men able and anxious to carry arms against the Germans. But the Nazi authorities and the *Gestapo* are working overtime to reduce their number, and the actual fighting strength of Danish patriots will largely depend on the time-factor.

* * *

In Holland, France and Belgium there are still millions—yes, millions—of men available as an active fighting force for the liberation of their countries.

It has been stated that two German divisions could have turned the scale during the battle of the Salerno Beaches. *These two German divisions would have been available had not both Rommel and Kesselring been forced to disperse their divisions to meet the threat of anti-German revolts throughout Italy.*

Events in Italy and Corsica prove the value of the European patriots in combat, and lessons learnt and applied to other invasion areas will save the lives of thousands of Allied soldiers and speed the liberation of Europe.

WILLI FRISCHAUER

Magic Over the Thames Embankment

★ It was a surprise to find an American soldier enjoying the scenery in Ebury Square; he had found a good view of Airways House—not much of a skyscraper, but Ben had found his "N'York-on-Thames." He also found Joan and the start of a minor but satisfactory Anglo-American alliance.

By Will Scott

IF you lived in Battersea Park Road (like Joan) and worked at the Victoria Station end of Buckingham Palace Road (like Joan and Dorothy) you'd find it nice, now and again on a fine morning, to walk to the office by way of Chelsea Bridge, because sometimes on Chelsea Bridge you got almost the feel of the seaside in summer, pretty nearly as good as the Palace Pier at Brighton.

And for the same reason, if you lived off Vauxhall Bridge Road (like Dorothy) you'd make a spurt, now and again on a fine morning, and meet Joan half-way and have a spot of the Palace Pier yourself.

Which arrangement, too, would give you more time to talk about Boys.

Anyway, with Joan and Dorothy that's what often happened, and it happened all over again on a morning in September twelve months ago. But on this particular morning they weren't talking about the Palace Pier or Boys in general.

They were talking about the Boy in the Amercan Army in particular.

"See him again last night?" asked Dorothy.

Joan nodded.

"And he turned up the very same street."

"Must be billeted there," said Dorothy.

"Funny place to be billeted," said Joan.

"Well, it's not the sort of place where you'd go to look at the scenery, is it?"

A few moments later Dorothy was saying:

"I expect you'll end up by marrying him and settling down off Broadway in one of those flats we see at the flicks."

"It would be wonderful!" sighed Joan.

"*He* must be!" said Dorothy.

"I mean living in America. It's always sort of *called* me."

"Still, he must be," said Dorothy. "He's got you so that you're losing interest in breathing. Mind if I walk back with you to-night and have a peep at the great He?"

So that one minute past six saw them skipping across the traffic at Victoria and walking arm-in-arm down the side of the station. And five minutes past six saw them pulling up dead under the red and green and grey tower of Airways House at the bottom of Buckingham Palace Road.

"There he is!" whispered Joan.

There he was. Six feet and a bit, coloured like bronze, a wave in his hair, a roll as he walked.

"Oh, boy!" said Dorothy. "You do pick 'em!"

And as he turned up a dingy side-street and passed out of sight she added:

"Well, *I'm* going to find out where he gets to."

"But it looks so——"

"Come on!" said Dorothy.

And, still arm-in-arm, the two girls turned up the dingy side-street and found themselves for the first time in down-at-heel, stoop-shouldered, unshaven Ebury Square, looking for all the world like the poor relation of all London squares, waiting for a remittance from its rich uncle Belgrave.

Not expecting to find a square there, Joan and Dorothy hadn't expected to find trees and seats, and, in the middle, a slender fountain. But least of all had they expected to find the American Soldier Boy on one of the seats, just staring.

The third time they passed the seat he noticed them. He smiled and said "Hallo!" Which is the beginning of most stories, if the middle of this one.

"Yes," he was telling them a moment or two later, "I come here most times I can get away and sit and look at that." He pointed. "That tower standing up over this old square. Airways House, you call it. There'll be more to see when all the leaves are down. But there's some now. I can imagine."

"But why?" asked Dorothy.

"I got a name for this corner of London," he said. "N'York-on-Thames. London's great, but a guy gets homesick. This takes me back. That ain't much of a skyscraper, I guess, but the way it stands over this old square makes me want to weep. Might be Gramercy Park, looking over to Broadway. Peeping down the wrong end of a telescope.

"Anyway, there you are. There's no place in London brings it back like here. I've been all over London, but it's only here I can work the trick. Here and round about. N'York-on-Thames; that's what I call it."

He crossed his legs and spread his arms along the back of the bench and stared at as much of the green and red and grey tower as he could see for the yellowing leaves.

"You said here and roundabout," Dorothy reminded him.

"I'll show you," he said.

And he took them on to Chelsea Bridge and showed them the place where the baby skyscraper peeped through the uprights of the great cantilever.

"Might be Brooklyn Bridge," he said. "Well, there ain't no other place in London might. I come here and stare at it till I get soft as a melon. Homesick? You don't know what it is till you come all this way. Ever heard of Turpentine Lane?"

"New York?" said Joan.

"Gee! No—here. Come on."

He led the way off the bridge and round to the right along Grosvenor Road, under the railway arch and first on the left.

"Here you are," he said. "Here's Turpentine Lane. I never met anybody else over here who's heard of it, either."

They looked through railings along a dark canyon of tenements to where the same little coloured skyscraper stood up in the sunlight.

"Might be Canal Street," he said. "Looking towards the Metropolitan Life Building. It's enough to unman a guy."

When the severe clock on the tower of Airways House showed seven they gravely shook hands. A number of conclusions had been reached.

Three thousand miles of ocean between cannot prevent a homesick pair from seeing something in the different cities of London and New York that looks just like home

It had been a swell time. They'd meet next evening and do a show. English girls were swell. American boys were grand. Her name was Dorothy. *Her* name was Joan. His name was Ben.

And they all met the next evening and went to the Victoria Palace, with supper to follow in the shadow of the station. And they all met again the next evening and went to the New Victoria and saw Fifth Avenue on the screen (with Ben as an audible guide), and again had supper in the shadow of the station.

The third evening had a loose start. They haunted the station and watched the trains go out, until Dorothy realised the penny had come down wrong side up, and remembered a date, and said "Cheerio," and left them to it.

The next day at the office she asked:

"Where did you get to?"

"Ebury Square," said Joan.

"Looking at the moon?"

"Was there a moon?"

"*All* night?" asked Dorothy.

"No," Joan replied. "Chelsea Bridge. He told me all about Brooklyn Bridge and the times he used to have."

"Don't tell me," said Dorothy, "that you finished up gazing along Turpentine Lane?"

"How did you guess?" said Joan, surprised.

"These Americans certainly get about!" remarked Dorothy.

A fortnight later, when the great trek was still from Ebury Square to Chelsea Bridge and back to Turpentine Lane, Dorothy stopped asking. It might be a great thrill for Joan, but to her friend the programme had a certain monotony.

"I'd better start saving up for a rose-bowl!" she told herself.

Autumn. Winter. Spring. This Spring.

"Ben's being sent back," said Joan one morning.

"What's he done?" Dorothy asked.

"To train the rest of the American Army," Joan concluded.

"That's grand, isn't it?" said Dorothy. "Or swell. So what?"

"So we're getting married, and I'm going back with him."

And Joan and Dorothy went into a long conversation, and Dorothy began to wish she had saved up for the rose-bowl.

There was a little triangular party before the end. On an April evening Ben was waiting for them outside the office

HUMAN MACHINE

Old Fogeys at Twenty-five!

Beware of becoming an Old Fogey! You—whatever age you may be—are an Old Fogey if you are unwilling to examine a new idea, if you are afraid of your existing habits being upset, if you fear to have your opinions and beliefs questioned.

Whoever you are, don't imagine that this doesn't apply to you. It is a constant danger that hangs over every one of us.

One of the greatest psychologists who ever lived, said: "I am almost afraid to say so, but I believe that in the majority of human beings Old Fogeyism begins at about the age of twenty-five."

At the same time, we should note that he merely says "begins," not "inevitably begins."

There's all the difference in the world, you know, between something that just happens, and something that must inevitably happen.

Yet there's only one certain safeguard, and that's to be willing all the time to test our pet opinions and our most cherished beliefs against facts and other peoples' ideas. It's always possible, you know, that our own ideas aren't really the best. They may be—but until we've examined others we can't ever be sure.

"John Bull's" Short Story

e took them to dinner in the shadow the station. And then he hinted at a how and passed on before they could nswer.

"What I'd *like* to do," he said, "is ave a last look at little old N'York-on-hames. Now things are so near I'm omesick fit to bust."

"It's your night," said Dorothy.

So he took them to Ebury Square and old them how it brought the old places ack to him. He took them to Chelsea ridge and said it was the nearest thing Manhattan from Brooklyn Bridge he'd en this side of the Drink. He took hem to Turpentine Lane and said it was he next best thing to looking at the letropolitan Life Building along Canal treet. He took them home.

"It's been a wonderful evening," said oan

"Love certainly does things," said orothy. But that was when she was lone.

Spring. Summer. Autumn. This utumn.

A letter with an American stamp. Dorothy tore it open and began to read.

"My dear," Joan wrote, "it's simply ell here. Do you remember one time hen you said I'd marry Ben and we'd ve in a flat off Broadway like we used o see at the New Victoria? Well, guess. e do! It's just the kind of little place ou dream about.

"Ben's doing wonderfully. I guess 'll be the *head* of the American Army efore long.

"You remember all the places we used o talk about? I've seen every one.

"But the places I like best are, I ink, Grammercy Park and Brooklyn ridge at night, and looking along Canal treet to the Metropolitan Life Building. never get tired of going there. It uite surprises Ben. He can't under-and it.

"But you know, my dear, they do omething to me. Something goes click side. They're not a bit like, really, ut if you can imagine a bit you might e back in Ebury Square or walking ross Chelsea Bridge or standing at the nd of Turpentine Lane.

"Sometimes when I think of the New ictoria and Buckingham Palace Road nd the old Victoria Palace and supper ust across from the station, my dear, I ould just *howl*.

"Love to the girls at the office."

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

STOP THIS WORTHLESS WAR PRODUCTION!

THERE'D be a fine hullabaloo if cargoes of valuable raw material brought here at the cost of sailors' lives were tipped into the sea on arrival.

Yet the Board of Trade is achieving much the same result by permitting the manufacture of shoddy, worthless goods.

Public outcry drove the President of the Board to do something in the matter of shoes that were falling to pieces in a fortnight.

He paid brief visits to one or two big shoe factories and then announced that no more bad shoes would be made.

But the hospitable firms he visited have never made a bad shoe in their lives.

Mr. Hugh Dalton knows where the junk is made as well as we do.

He knows that most of Britain's footwear is made in tiny factories, many of them in back-gardens, on machines usually bought on the easy payment system.

He knows that although many of these little firms make an excellent article, the bad footwear which caused public consternation is largely a product of back-garden factories.

And he cannot be unaware that his spectacular little tour has done little or nothing towards bringing such firms under sterner control.

But the Board of Trade has done more than tolerate the wicked waste of leather.

It is permitting the manufacture of goods that would be a disgrace even to Japanese industry, and which represent a loss of vast stocks of raw material.

Waste of Metal

Take metal—and few commodities can be more precious in war time.

Seven months ago the wife of a Ruislip (Middlesex) airman had her hot-water tank go after eight years.

She had one fitted of war time strength (although at more than pre-war price) and the other night it burst, worn out, saturating the house from top to bottom in the process.

Utility furniture isn't enough; she needs decent kitchen utensils, too

A skilled plumber who inspected it said she wasn't at all unlucky in getting seven months' wear out of it. He adds that such tanks are being fitted in thousands.

If Mr. Dalton had the metal sunk as it arrived at British ports, he would at least save the labour of making it up, installing it in our houses, taking it out again, and repairing the damage done when it sheds its water.

A kettle bought by the wife of a JOHN BULL employee lasted six days.

And a reader who bought a full-size garden spade to dig for victory found the blade bent into a perfect L the first time he put it into virign soil.

We've had sent to this office table-forks that have snapped in half the first time they have been used, buckets that have been bought *new* with a leak.

A reader sent us a hair slide, one-fifth metal and four-fifths imitation tortoise-shell, which snapped when you tried to grip hair with it.

We went out and bought six. They all snapped at a touch.

It isn't merely that women lose their sixpences. The nation bleeds through such leakages of labour and material.

I am not attacking utility goods. Most are excellent war time value. They vary a lot, but most are far superior to the rubbish I describe.

Critics of much-wanted utility furniture would be making wiser use of their time if they attacked the Board of Trade for permitting the manufacture of worthless household accessories.

Don't Pull It

Let Mr. Dalton buy some of the carpeting material (made not recently, but certainly in war time) which is being sold at best Wilton prices.

Some can be torn by a good pull. One strip, sold for kitchen use at 12s. 6d. a yard, was worn out in three weeks.

A reader was told to put a sheet of asbestos over a piece of wood that was somewhat near to a gas-jet.

The heat of the gas ate through the asbestos in two days.

Now winning a war involves making the best use possible not only of your man-power, but your material resources.

The fault lies with the Board of Trade. The remedy is more rigid control.

Courtesy visits by the President of the Board of Trade to firms of the highest reputation may be both congenial and desirable, but they do nothing to help.

LISTEN TO THE EXPERTS

WELL, I've gathered them.

They're about the brightest green I've ever seen. They're also about the smallest.

I can't understand why they're so small and green. I went, in the Spring, to the man who grows the biggest and best tomatoes for miles around.

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"Expert advice," he said.

"But," said I, "according to what I read in various gardening notes and the backs of seed packets all the experts tell a different tale."

"Ah!" said he. "That's where most people go wrong. A bit of advice here, a bit of advice there. Pick your expert. Just one. Then stick to him. Never mind what other people say. Follow your solo expert and he'll see you through."

★ ★ ★

I thought of those very words of his, listening to Vernon Bartlett in the Brains Trust the other night. He said that everybody ought to take two papers, of different political colour, if he really wanted to know what affairs were.

So next day I started.

I found that the one thing every man, woman and child in this country wants after the war is Beveridge, Beveridge, and more Beveridge.

I found that the one thing every man, woman and child in this country wants after the war is an end to Government restrictions. They want the good old life as it used to be, and no interference from people like Beveridge.

I found that about 90 per cent. of the country is solid behind the Government.

I found that if there were a General Election to-morrow the Government would be chucked out, neck and crop.

I have read so many experts lately that I began to think I'd go mad. I had to cancel my order for that second paper.

It made me realise what my tomato friend meant. If you go to school you learn something. If you go to forty schools you simply end up with a headache.

One expert at a time if you want to stay sane.

But then, *he* was my expert this year in the matter of tomatoes. I stuck to him through thick and thin. And all I've got is hundreds of small ones and green ones.

I think I shall have to go mad in any case.

A. G.

YOUR MONEY IS THEIR LIFE

GREAT days, these, for tricksters! Probably their greatest ever.

They are exploiting every old trick for separating fools from their money, and they've learnt a few new ones as well.

Two women who are going from door to door in provincial towns make solicitous inquiries about the health of the occupants and end up by recommending a "doctor."

A quack, obviously, and therefore somebody to be avoided like a plague.

But the shortage of qualified medical men is driving large numbers of people to accept the advice of these quacks, and their numbers are increasing accordingly.

Then, with spectacles scarce and repairs slow and difficult, the touring oculist "specialist" is enjoying golden years.

One letter tells of a charge of £10 for a white powder to be dropped in the eyes (to be followed by a further "treatment" costing £20).

Some have glasses to sell—to give one example, at three guineas, the lenses being the kind you could buy at sixpence each before the war.

And I note that complaints are coming in about mushroom firms making cheap artificial dentures.

Several letters tell me of sums of money—usually 10s.—deposited with domestic agencies that talk volubly of having on their books wonder servants, just dying for a job, who are exempt from all National Service.

Official Warning!

Well, the Ministry of Labour has recently warned housewives about these bogus agencies, and there is nothing I can add.

Seventeen letters tell me of war time products they have bought which don't fulfil the claims made for them.

No wonder. One miraculous soap substitute is ordinary oatmeal—another salt.

An *ersatz* starch is ordinary flour.

And a wonderful furniture polish sold at the door to a Birmingham housewife, rubbed on my desk, has inflicted damage that won't be put right until french polishers come back from the war.

From several towns (Liverpool is the last) we hear of the man who offers to paper your house, leaves the paper, collects the money, calls again for the paper and points out it will be easier for him to cut it out at home, and then disappears.

One man sent 2s. 6d. for dart flights and received a ha'porth of hens' feathers.

From Bradford comes the story of touts who collected at give-away prices vacuum sweepers and other electrical apparatus on the excuse that electricity wouldn't be supplied for working them in future.

And last of all the market-place tricksters who sell you quite a good commodity for sixpence, wrap it in a leaflet telling where you can get bulk quantities for a 10s. postal order, and never send the goods.

There are plenty more such tricks in my last week's mail, but that will be enough to convince you that you should keep a specially tight hand on your cash in war time, which is, unfortunately, some people's idea of Paradise.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. T. N. Gent, Harrington Street, Mansfield, Notts, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are invited about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

These Turned the Tide of War

U-boats were permanently menaced when our convoys sailed under air cover; a Norwegian gunboat capsized an invasion plan; Marchant's small army led to the reconquest of Finschafen; a few men beat off the German tanks from the Salerno beaches—and all the while factories at home are adding to the number of things that change the course of the war

SMART work by a boarding party salvaged the Nazi blockade-runner *Hanover*—and the boys little thought they had found a way to conquer the U-boats.

"Look lively!" was the order to the lads of H.M.S. *Dunedin* as they swarmed aboard the squat and smoke-filled merchantman.

The scuttling fires lit by the German crew had no time to take hold. The captors stamped out the flames—and took the *Hanover* to Kingstown Harbour, Jamaica, where she lay as a naval prize.

Missing Link

This happened in March, 1940. Yet Admiralty experts already had the idea of auxiliary aircraft-carriers and only our dire pressure on merchant shipping prevented an experiment.

The *Hanover* provided the missing link. Soon she was fitted with a 400-ft. flush deck and renamed H.M.S. *Audacity*. She was the first auxiliary carrier.

The convoy she escorted on her maiden voyage came through with losses well below average. U-boats had to dive for it as the *Audacity's* aircraft sprayed them with bullets. A scouting Focke-Wulf had its wings shot off.

We amazed the Germans by providing fighter cover for convoys in the Atlantic Gap. From then on we had taken the measure of the U-boats.

And the vital factor? It must have come in that moment when the lads of the *Dunedin* fought and overcame the intended holocaust of the *Hanover*.

They changed the course of the war.

Arctic Victory

Now, too, looking back, one can tell for the first time the earth-shaking events that hung upon an expedition of the Norwegian gunboat *Fridtjof Nansen*.

Four years ago, a radio station was transmitting weather reports to the Germans from Jan Mayen's Island, 300 miles north of Iceland.

Read now, from the ship's log, what happened when the Vikings of a modern gunboat got busy:

"A landing party went ashore in heavy seas at 10 p.m., removed the transmitting set to the ship and burned down station and huts."

Through the ice-floes from one Arctic island to another sailed the *F.N.*, grappling, attacking, cleaning up, sometimes capturing Nazi prisoners.

Trivial? Just one moment. Have you ever heard of the Nazi pincer plan?

It was told long ago in hastily suppressed articles in the *Deutsche Wehr*, organ of the German General Staff. It foresaw Holland, Belgium, and France to the south—and Norway, Iceland, and Greenland to the north—as a gigantic pair of pincers snapping down upon Britain.

Positive evidence exists that the Nazis embarked men, equipment, dog teams, sleds and aeroplanes in the Norwegian fiords for the Arctic invasions. But the little *Fridtjof Nansen* was a fly in the Nazi ointment.

With the preliminary bases shattered, the invading army never set out. Some experts declare this is why Hitler never invaded Britain when he had the chance.

He hesitated because the pincer plan was wrecked. And all because of the gunboat boys. . . .

They changed the course of war.

Now another instance. Early this year, when the Japs still hoped to encircle Northern Australia and land on the continent, their onward rush was stemmed by fourteen men.

"Marchant's Army," as it was called, was led in turn by a bespectacled middle-aged man—and he himself was ravaged by malaria.

Colonel Sydney Marchant had been commissioner of the Solomons for three years—and he held fast at a moment when all seemed lost. He was the first man to make possible the reconquest of territory from the Japanese.

He organised an army of ghosts. Leading a native column, each of his young men hacked a way with machetes to a jungle hideout in the hills.

Foxing the Japs

They waited and watched. For three months during the undisputed Jap occupation they staged an amazing game of hide-and-seek.

One of his scouts got a job as a labourer building the Jap airfield on Guadalcanal. He waited and watched for a week, then escaped and brought back a detailed account of Japanese dispositions.

Every move the Japs made was known to Marchant's Army—and flashed by radio to the Allied Forces. Reports were made almost hourly.

The Japs hoped to seize ships to carry them further in their headlong swath of conquest. Instead, the ships vanished overnight, or were destroyed, or scuttled.

Just before the U.S. Marines landed at Guadalcanal a return message flashed to Marchant's Army:

"It won't be long now!"

And it wasn't. Only a few beleaguered Japs now remain in the Solomons. With the fall of Finschafen the Japs have lost their last important anchorage in New Guinea.

It's all part of one story—all the fruits of Marchant's Army.

They, too, changed the course of the war.

Heroic Handful

Let's never forget the desperate night of September 13, when fewer than a hundred men stood between the Germans and the sea at one point in the Salerno beachhead.

They had fewer than ten anti-tank guns when they organised last-ditch defences. Puny in all truth, they opened fire as though they were powerful.

The German tanks hesitated on the brink of success—and lost their opportunity. The fate of Naples, perhaps of all Italy, and the speeding of our second invasion, lay in that moment.

The heroic handful fought on. They'd changed the course of the war—and they wanted to change it still further.

At Home, Too

We're all like that . . . inextricably bound up with history.

The Ministry of Supply has revealed how the astonishing outputs of British gun factories made possible the great breakthrough in Egypt. Men and women slogged day and night. One royal ordnance factory turned out a heavy gun each month for every two workers on the payroll.

Yes, it led to Alamein, to Tunis and Bizerta—and the breakthrough in Italy.

Yes, we're all in this together—changing the course of war.

HAROLD A. ALBERT.

U.S. Marines in the Solomons found their task made easier by the pioneer exploits of Colonel Marchant's army, whose brilliant scouts worried the Japanese

READER'S VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

A MINER by trade, I went into a restaurant while visiting a near-by city. There was a three-course dinner, including chicken and other delicacies, for those who could afford it. Back home, I have to produce urgently needed coal, mainly on margarine-scraped bread, and cheese!—J. Harris, Pontypool, Mon.

* * *

Regarding post-war health schemes, why not public gymnasia, like public swimming-baths, where the young and the middle-aged can go at any time for a little light exercise? No rigid routine, but a competent instructor in attendance to give advice and guidance.—"Fitness First," Penham, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

* * *

In an Essex public-house sweepstakes with beer as prizes are run on the number of 'planes lost in R.A.F raids. Surely this is the limit in callousness.—"Ex-Service," Euston, N.W.

* * *

Miners are asked to produce more coal, yet my husband has been refused permission to go to another colliery where he could produce ten tons more a day. Is more coal really needed?—Mrs. C. Rollin, Fitzwilliam, Pontefract.

* * *

We are importing 700 tons of blackberries from Eire at a cost of £20,000. Yet many tons of blackberries are rotting on our hedgerows!—"Country Reader," Essex.

* * *

Civic dignitaries might set a lead in petrol saving by using public transport instead of high-powered private cars.—"Citizen," Sheffield.

* * *

We need more coal, so why not use Italian prisoners of war for work in the mines and so step up coal production?—R. Munro, Fisher Street, Glasgow.

SHE SHOULD BE FREE TO MAKE FRIENDS

THERE is a world of difference between being alone and being lonely. The man of independent mind often enjoys being alone, but being lonely is a painful experience.

I had rather be lonely on a moor than in a city; the latter is like being hungry when the shops are full of food.

I long for freedom more than anything, writes a girl of nearly sixteen.

Whenever I go out I have to be accompanied by a parent or a relation. I have very few friends because there are so few opportunities of mixing with other people.

My parents would nearly die of shock if they saw me talking to a boy, even a local one.

When my father was my age he never missed going to dances and he flirted around with the girls, but he doesn't let me have fun of that sort.

I am very lonely. My father and mother are both on war work and I am alone all day at home.

If I were in domestic service I should get evenings out, and I think the same should apply for a girl who does domestic duties in her own home.

I am not ill-treated or anything like that, but I just yearn for more freedom and the company of people of my own age.

I wholeheartedly agree. Boys and girls are apt to grow morbid and introspective in such circumstances.

They are full of vitality and animal spirits. They need friends of both sexes to learn their way about. It is part of their social education—a preparation for adult life.

I suggest to the girl that she should join one of the many youth clubs that are flourishing in all parts of the country.

Lonely people in big towns and cities should join one of the evening institutes where they have opportunities of meeting others with similar tastes. The cost is a trifle.

I know middle-aged, single women who go almost every night of the week. The winter sessions are already in full swing, but it is not too late to register.

There are also rambling clubs, cycling clubs, reading circles, discussion groups, dramatic societies, and innumerable socials organised by the churches. In a crowded island like ours it seems all wrong for anyone to be lonely.

Some weeks ago I wrote about the national day of prayer, and a great many readers gave me their opinions on the subject. The majority thought the idea was right, but I am quoting one or two which are hardly orthodox. Here's the first:

ARE days of prayer justified? Emphatically not! Surely it is a queer conception of the Deity to think that He has not already prepared and designed the issue until He is implored to do so.

I also think that those people who go creeping on their knees, craving for

TO BETTER

MOST of us get wo know fear, most in things and fi

fear.

Most of us meet failu bleak defeat, most of least one dark and dis

Most of us learn hea holds nothing more, ge rarer joys than we've b

Most of us feel lonely swept aside, but the st high above life's roug tide.

Most of us grow tire brave, while most of us with broken dreams mi

Most of us feel hand pushed back on life's us pass through these t to better times.

MILLIONS OF

IFTY million books w from London to Berl

The people of Britain ore than four from e he country—to the Na nd many counties have rives.

These books are sorte ooks to replenish bomb hich can be sent to the hich are suitable only Under this last head ooks have probably been f bombers, or are ranches of the Forces i Already over 12,000,00 espatched to the Force ooks to North Africa ree months; others h eland, the Falkland Is But more are wanted. an spare!

Full of vitality and

ssistance and mercy coming to them!

Year ago, Mr. Berna what a man's attitude efore your God, not e n your feet, erect, an ou left His world found it!"

Planes, not prayers, ar. This is stark cer he is tragic waste an ng, delaying the hour I don't expect other this writer's opinions, don't agree it is ofte nother side of an arg

Another reader asks: Why are there so m ligious denominations hey all come together They all read the s re all striving for th hey all believe in the ot have one religio

TO BETTER TIMES

MOST of us get weary, most of us know fear, most of us lose heart in things and find life's burning tear.

Most of us meet failure and feel life's bleak defeat, most of us turn down at least one dark and dismal street.

Most of us learn heartbreak when life holds nothing more, yet most of us find rarer joys than we've been looking for!

Most of us feel lonely when hope seems swept aside, but the star of faith burns high above life's rough and changing tide.

Most of us grow tired of trying to be brave, while most of us life's stony paths with broken dreams must pave.

Most of us feel handicapped, and get pushed back on life's climbs, but all of us pass through these things on our way to better times. J. M.

MILLIONS OF BOOKS

FIFTY million books would make a path from London to Berlin 5 ft. wide.

The people of Britain have already given more than four from every household in the country—to the National Book Drive, and many counties have yet to hold their drives.

These books are sorted by experts into books to replenish bombed libraries, books which can be sent to the Forces, and books which are suitable only for re-pulping.

Under this last heading some of the books have probably been to Berlin as parts of bombers, or are serving with all branches of the Forces in Italy.

Already over 12,000,000 books have been despatched to the Forces, including 250,000 books to North Africa in one period of three months; others have gone as far as Iceland, the Falkland Isles, and China.

But more are wanted. Turn out all you can spare!

VOICE of the TROOPS

OUTWITTING GERMAN GUILE

CAMPAIGNING in North Africa before victory was achieved was no picnic. Conditions are described by Pte. A. Wanstell in a letter to his wife at Christchurch Mount, Epsom, Surrey:

I joined the —— Battery and went into action straight away. Everywhere we went we had to be careful, as the place was alive with "booby traps" set by the Germans in retreat and which meant death to the unwary.

At a farm we occupied the haystacks were still alight when we arrived, and there were signs of the enemy's sudden departure. They had left even their small kit behind, a sign that they must have been in a hurry to leave.

We soon found that everything portable left behind by Jerry was a possible source of danger. Traps were laid in innocent-looking cigarette packets, clothing, and in anything of interest that one might pick up as a souvenir. Even the dead Germans were mined, so we had to leave the bodies where they were. The ground was mined in the most unexpected places, and some of our chaps were injured, but we soon learned to watch our step.

A tank had been set on fire by the departing enemy, and in it was a wounded soldier who had been callously left behind. Our boys managed to get him out.

Altogether it is a wicked business, with Jerry using every dirty trick to hamper our advance, and he knows a few.

We were working with the guns and went forward with them when our barrage went up. Everywhere there were signs of the enemy's hurried retreat. The wreckage was terrific and fires seemed to be burning everywhere.

What struck me was the time scheduled for our Army to take different objectives, and it seemed that practically on the hour these places were taken according to plan and on time. That was "Staff" work, that was!

We passed an area where our barrage had landed, and it seemed that not a square yard had been missed by our shells. We used about 650 guns and the din was deafening.

That day thousands of prisoners passed us; the Italians as cheerful as the Germans were sullen and surly. Prisoners marched in by the hundreds, and they came in by lorry, bicycle, and donkey. We were as pleased as if the whole war had ended.

I brought in fifty prisoners on my own, but no credit was due to me, for it was as simple as shelling peas. I just happened to be putting up a direction sign at a crossroad, when a party of Germans and Italians marching by, came to a halt. A Jerry detached himself from the party, came over to me and asked me very politely if I would be good enough to take the men and himself to the nearest prison camp, as they were not sure of the way! He spoke perfect English!

The ground was mined in the most unexpected places

Always ready to oblige, I walked ahead with him, with the Italians behind singing lustily, and the Germans looking less cheerful. That's how I "captured" my fifty prisoners!

BATTERING CATANIA

Serving with the Navy in a ship which took part in the invasion of Sicily, A.B. P. Hall found plenty of excitement, and writes to a friend at Church Street, East Shilton, nr. Leicester:

We haven't been idle these last few days. The captain had told us that we were invading somewhere, but it was not until later that we were told where. . . . It was Sicily.

Our first job was to get a large convoy through the Sicilian Narrows, which we did without much interference from Jerry. Then next morning we joined the main Battle Fleet and patrolled around waiting for Musso's navy, which never appeared. I can't say that I blame it for avoiding a bashing!

Next job was to bombard Catania and another place, which I can't spell, to create a diversion and to make the enemy think that we were going to land somwhere, while the landing was taking place elsewhere. We made a pretty good job of Catania.

For several days we were bombarding here and patrolling there to see that nothing interfered with the vast convoys and the swarms of landing craft that were now at the bridgeheads we had made.

Occasionally enemy aircraft would drop a stick of bombs near us just for annoyance, but these visitors overhead were soon dealt with.

Altogether it was a very good job of work, and it had its thrills. After what I had seen in Malta, it was satisfactory to take part in the bombardment of the enemy. . . . A bit hard on the ears, but satisfying!

THE ADVANCE CONTINUES

Here is a description of the Front Line in a letter from Capt. K. P. Reed, serving with the B.N.A.F., to his friends in London:

I shall never forget zero hour! We were, of course, to follow the infantry. The sky was lit up by our gun-flashes until it was like a mammoth firework display. . . . Then followed our creeping barrage.

We were on the start line at dawn, and it was then that we saw the first prisoners coming in. As the result of our barrage, the infantry needed very little tank support, and by 10 a.m. we had reached ——. From there we pushed on towards —— with the road packed tight with transport, guns, tanks, etc. It looked like the Brighton Road on a Bank Holiday. Meanwhile, the Hun was collapsing so fast that it must have been a headache for the "Staff" to know what to do with him.

When we marched into the town it seemed that all the inhabitants had come out to welcome us, lining the streets and showering flowers on us.

BUT FOR THE RED CROSS

From the Front Line to a German prisoner-of-war camp, where Pte. W. Bickerstaffe sits down and describes the life behind the barbed wire in a letter to his family at Herbert Street, Sutton Oak, St. Helens, Lancs.

Our camp is well constructed, and we are two hundred and forty strong. There are twelve men in each room, which has modern conveniences.

Not a very gay life, but we have our fun. Boxing is my favourite sport, and we have some good contests. I have only lost one fight out of eight matches (no swanking).

Also we have dancing lessons and are now becoming as graceful as elephants, dancing, of course, to our own music.

Last week we had football and swimming, but this only happens every third week, when we have a Sunday off. On the whole we are as happy as you would expect in the circumstances, and we want to thank the Red Cross people for doing a grand job in sending us parcels. But for these our lives would be pretty grim. We were betting and hoping that the war will be over in six months.

★ *Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story is used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2*

Full of vitality and animal spirits

★ *If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without of course, giving your name)*

assistance and mercy will get what is coming to them!

Year ago, Mr. Bernard Shaw told us what a man's attitude should be: "Go before your God, not on your knees but on your feet, erect, and tell Him that you left His world better than you found it!"

Planes, not prayers, will decide the war. This is stark common-sense. All else is tragic waste and wishful thinking, delaying the hour of final victory.

I don't expect other readers to accept this writer's opinions, but even if we don't agree it is often good to hear another side of an argument.

Another reader asks:

Why are there so many different religious denominations? Why can't they all come together in one body?

They all read the same Bible; they are all striving for the same heaven; they all believe in the same God. Why not have one religion embracing all the churches and chapels—Anglicans, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Salvationists, and a whole lot of new sects which keep constantly cropping up?

Let all the people of the world get together—Gentiles, Jews, whites and coloured—in one great brotherhood. . . .

IF all denominations preach the idea of the Fatherhood of God and, therefore, the brotherhood of all mankind, there is a foundation for a common faith; but, unfortunately, it is not as simple as it appears.

People who remain detached from religion often favour a universal religion based upon human virtues and good neighbourliness. But the man who belongs to one definite sect invariably wants all others to accept his creed as the last word.

The smaller religious groups are more fanatical than the larger.

The only way they can conceive a world-religion is to convert the whole world to their way of thinking.

I suppose all political parties aim ultimately at the same goal—the welfare of the country—but there is only one way to establish a universal party which includes conservatives, liberals, labour members, communists, independents, etc. That is the method imposed by force and intimidation.

So long as men and women can think for themselves there will be various creeds, both in religion and politics.

Variety is not necessarily evil. No one wants a garden which produces only one sort of vegetable.

"My Son, My Son" said Mr. Gunn. "Just take this tip from me—start every day the EASY way and then smooth-chinned you'll be."

USE EASY SHAVING STICK Over 100 shaves for 7½d.

(INCLUDES PURCHASE TAX)

L. O. LEWIS BROTHERS, POST SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

"NOW THAT'S A REAL SHINE—

—IT MUST BE CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH"

APPLY SPARINGLY—THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

C.B.D.

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

TO AVOID DIGESTIVE UPSETS

BEWARE OF CONSTIPATION

You can hardly expect to be free from stomach upsets unless you are also free from that enemy of health—constipation. Failure to see that you have a gentle, regular movement of the bowels is bound to cause much avoidable misery.

90% OF DAILY ILLS ARE DUE TO CONSTIPATION!

Make it your Golden Rule therefore to take Beecham's Pills. They are gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Not only will they remove the cause of digestive upsets, sick headaches—they will purify your blood, help you to sleep well and keep you cheerful.

Take Beecham's Pills

1/4 & 2/3 (inc. Purch. Tax)

Also in Pennyworths.

Worth a guinea a box

LAST LAUGH

Miss C. G. (Blantyre).—"Sitting still and allowing the mind to become a complete blank is good for one." Provided, of course, one does not try it during one's employer's time.

WIFE (Worcester).—"If a man wishes to keep his wife's affection he must never be hard." Or hard-up.

FAN (London).—"Before the war an actress's successes were preceded by certain unmistakable signs." Yes, electric signs.

N. N. (Hereford).—"Not every good thing cheers one." Good-bye, for example.

R. M. (Norwich).—"My husband generally eats his breakfast in the hall while putting on his hat and coat before rushing to catch his train." This is known as the wolf at the door.

W. A. (Ashford).—"The hay harvest was unusually early this year." Christmas cigars should be thoroughly matured.

Mrs. T. N. (Leigh).—"We can't grumble about the early morning weather these days." No, we must give it its dew!

N. J. (Leeds).—"The man said he was only begging for a penny when he was arrested." Presumably the "copper" turned up!

PUBLISHER (London, W.C.).—"A well-told modern love story from the feminine angle—poignant and built up to a dramatic climax—will command a considerable sum." Especially when told to a jury.

H. L. (Highgate).—"I received my first boxing lesson as a midshipman on a cruiser." Socked in the cradle of the deep.

D. B. (Guildford).—"My mother-in-law stays a week-end with us, goes home to collect her own rations, and then visits us the next week-end." A shuttle service.

S. W. (Colchester).—"After a Press controversy in the U.S. it was decided that the Briton pays more tax than the American." The reason, of course, is that in this country there is more of it to pay.

W. W. (Edmonton).—"Brides should not overlook the most insignificant detail of their wedding arrangements." Of course not. After all, there couldn't be a wedding without him.

H. N. (Jarrow).—"I gave a sailor a ride on the pillion of my motor-cycle and he fell off and sued me for damages." It has always been unlucky to spill the salt.

L. V. (Stockwell).—"The best diver I ever saw was a native of Edinburgh. He caused hardly a ripple in the water when he dived in." Scotch. No splash.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Gimme one 'standin'-in-the-corridor-all-the-way' to Newcastle, will yer?"

Side-Slips

HENDON AND FINCHLEY TIMES:—"She was given away by her step-father and was attended by AIRCRAFTMAN S. Stanforth, who was in W.A.A.F. uniform."

SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO:—"We had also brought peace to a country which was devastated by INTESTINE wars. . . ."

EVERYBODY'S:—"Vasco da Gama, who sailed across the UNCHARTERED Arabian Sea. . . ."

EXPRESS AND STAR:—". . became 100 per cent. stoppage to-day when the BOILED men . . ."

WORKSOP GUARDIAN:—". . . . speaking of the case against F———, said DEFECTIVE officers . . ."

BATH WEEKLY HERALD:—". . . necessitate a wide use of the now scarce half-pint BATTLES . . ."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"The first animal enrolled was Barney, a TEN-MONTH-OLD donkey which has been a mascot right through the war."

GREATEST OF THESE

● One ex-Serviceman, suffering from tuberculosis, is at his wit's end to know how to afford food for his family—to say nothing of the extra milk and medical necessities he needs for himself.

Another ex-soldier, unable to find the "light work" that is all the doctors would allow him to start, must choose between getting into arrears with his rent or letting his youngsters go bare-footed.

Yet another——

But we could fill this page with examples of the hardships bravely faced by men who have served their country well, and who have appealed to JOHN BULL for help in their desperate plight.

We want to help them all. We *can* help them all if our generous readers will help us.

Naturally, we make sure that applicants really deserve assistance. You can be sure that every penny you send us will be badly wanted and wisely spent.

Please, therefore, send a donation to the General Fund, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We'll gladly acknowledge where names and addresses are given (but anonymous gifts are welcome, too), and a copy of the current week's subscriptions will be sent on request. There are no deductions for administrative expenses!

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

1st PRIZE £100—'BULLETS' 1,395

G. J. Jenkins, Ty Bryn, 5, New Rd., Skewen, Glam., for this "Bullet":—

TRIBUTE TO MINERS

YOUTH PREFERS THE BATTLEFIELD!

£10: A. C. Bingham, 81, Park Hill Rd., S.E.21.

Family Doctor—Giving Die-hards Headache, Beveridge.

£5: Dvr. B. H. Bruce, R.A.S.C., Somewhere-in-Britain.

With One Eye On Gestapo—Fritz Fell Down Crater!

£4: N. Duncan, 80, Beechwood Drive, Glasgow.

With One Eye On Miners—Tommy's "Aim" Isn't Helped.

£3: E. S. Parfitt, 87, Alma St., Newport, Mon.

Our Relations—Are Coming. The Camels!

£2: W. H. Howchin, 64, Bourne Rd., Colchester, Essex.

Man To Watch—Morrison—He "Wants Controlling."

£50 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

6 of 10s.:

F. Dundon, 12, Arthur St., Ryhope, Sunderland.

Back To The Feld—Miners—Rescued By "Wolves"!

Cpl. A. R. Morris, R.A.O.C., Somewhere-in-Britain.

Tribute To Blighty—Dad's Bronze For "Binth"!

J. W. Pedrick, 4, Stanley St., Gwaun-cae-Gurwen, Carms.

With One Eye On Rice—Pudding, Reading "Bengal Famine."

J. B. Taylor, "Highgate," New Rd., Armitage, Rugeley.

Back To The Audience—Village Conjurer—Studying Instructions!

A. R. Tribe, O.A., R.N., Somewhere-in-Britain.

Growing More—Timber, For Next Cottages?

T. Wilson, 322, Halesowen Rd., Old Hill, Staffs.

Auntie's Bicycle—Saves Paces—Shaves Coppers.

A list of 30 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices. 1,290 Merit Awards have also been posted.

4 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 347

WINNING WORDS: 1. Trait. 2. Fare. 3. Fort. 4. Tee. 5. Kink. 6. Sense. 7. Misery. 8. Line. 9. Firm. 10. Sillin. 11. Set. 12. Brees. 13. Fuse. 14. Chap.

£100 SHARERS: W. G. Bennet, 366, Cowley Rd., Oxford; W. L. Dean, 72, Queens Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Lt. L. F. Ritts, Somewhere-in-Britain; M. Rosevear, Jnr., 36, Cope St., Barnsley, Yorks.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 29 entrants.

£25 BONUS: By winning prizes in both Competitions Nos. 346 and 347, H. Pritchard, 13, The Drive, Tolworth, Surbiton, and Mrs. J. Thomson, The Gardens, Kelly Bray, Callington, Cornwall, will each receive additional cheques for £12 10s. Od.

THE NATION'S MEDICAL SUPPLIES

All the household needs of 9,000,000 Co-operators are met by the factories and warehouses belonging to them. The Co-operative system of trading makes for happy homes, and it encourages thrift and foresight. When sickness comes there are available a wide range of medical supplies produced from the best materials under the most scrupulous conditions. The Co-operative Store is the standby of millions.

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD

ADV 1530 P

Recovering from SCIATICA thanks to Fynnon Salt

"When I think of all I have suffered," writes Mrs. J. G. McD., *"I cannot praise Fynnon Salt enough. I have been a sufferer from sciatica and hardly able to walk about. I tried almost everything without result. I saw the Fynnon advertisement in the papers, and as a last resort I thought I would try Fynnon Salt. I am now on the second tin, and thanks to the same, I am well on the way to recovery."*

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the blood-stream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body the toxins which contribute to rheumatism and sciatica. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax. Get yourself a tin today!*

Take **Fynnon Salt** *if you suffer from* **Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Neuritis, or Sciatica**

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex 514

Win a BIG CHEQUE for 4 LETTERS!

You'll get lots of fun as you try your skill at judging "Bullets" in this amusing little Contest—and a £50 cheque may well be yours for FOUR LETTERS ONLY!

When you have enjoyed a chuckle or two over the past winners below, complete your entry as directed on coupon. Then see that it's in the post by not later than Monday, November 1.

£50 CASH 1st PRIZE

HUNDREDS of other AWARDS for 1st & 2nd RUNNERS-UP

XWORDS 3and 1d. stamp for Gazette containing £100 Award Offer to:—Gazette D.S.L., 1, Stagsby Place, London, W.6.4.

A. Her Mother—Waltzes In—"Band Plays."
B. Closing His Eyes—Baby—To Yell Louder!
C. Spells Disaster—In Germany, Rheumatic Shoulder!
D. Woman—Tender? So's This Bump!
E. Diving Into His Pockets—Sandy, As Aeroplane Looped!
F. First Kiss—Last—Giles Forgot Straw
G. New Recruit—On Toes—Blistered Heel!
H. Father's Solo—A Long *Long Trial*!
J. What Grandpa Did—In Boer War, "Bunk"!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES—ENTRY COUPON BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £50

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgement of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with Bullets entry.

1ST							
2ND							
3RD							
4TH							

FEE 2d PER COL 1s. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 13.

P.O. Value..... No..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, NOV. 1.

Signed.....

Address..... 141

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits IN LINE the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Two divisible and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

INCREASED CASH IN "BULLETS" RADIO OFFER!

1st PRIZE £75 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO!

2nd PRIZE £10 PLUS NOVEL SURPRISE

£5 £4 £3 £2 6 of 30/- 20 of 10/-

BIG CELEBRATION OFFER COMING!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Nov. 12.

BRITANNIA'S CREW
HOW WE CAN HELP
MAN WHO STRIKES
SLOGAN FOR TO-MORROW
WELCOME NEWS
WHAT'S GOING ON
THE AMERICANS
TO STOP PROFITEERING
IN CAME A CONVOY AND
PARADISE ON EARTH

BULLETS 1,395 RESULT appears on page 14

LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING
PRIVATE SMITH
POST-WAR PROGRAMME
THE DAY'S COMING WHEN
SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD
IN GRAND STYLE
HE'S A HOT-HEAD, SO
CROWDED OUT
WHEN AUNTIE LEFT
HITLER'S FRIENDS

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

THOUSANDS OF .....
MUST NOT .....
LACKING IN .....
IMPORTANT TO .....
SHOCKING .....
LIFE IN .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 13. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value ..... No. ..... Closing Postmark, 1,395 Monday, NOV. 1

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,395—or "Laugh-Lines" 141, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effects on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.*
2 *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip (do not dip brush in jar).*
3 *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

PER 1/3 JAR

3 reasons for using Harpic to clean the lavatory

1 EASY TO USE
To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH
Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL
Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

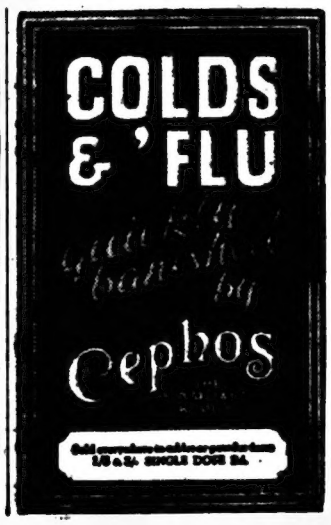
HARPIC

Splendid Corrective!

Our less-varied wartime diet is very liable to cause irregularity. In such cases Lixen is a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Prepared from senna pods by a special process, it helps the system back to regularity in a gentle, healthy way. Lixen is suitable for young and old. Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 2/3, 3/11. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/8. Purchase tax incl.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN
THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*



WE MADE A THOROUGH JOB OF IT!

British North Africa Force,
Received Aug. 11th, 1943.

Dear Sirs,

May I take this chance to thank you for the wonderful benefit I have felt by taking your Yeast-Vite tablets. I have always carried a bottle in my kit, but I never really troubled to take them unless I felt run-down while I was stationed at home.

I have now been in N.A. nine months, and I have not had need to report sick once, and at one time or other all members of my unit have had attacks of dysentery, but I have never had any trouble at all, and I have taken two tablets on going to bed each night for the last 7 months. I have had these sent out by my mother as regularly as possible.

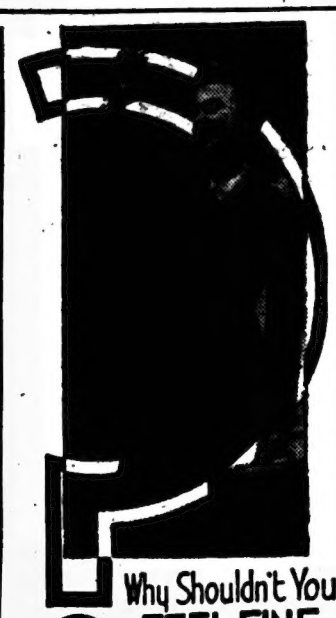
My only regret is that I am unable to get my pals to visit a chemist to buy some Yeast-Vite, as I do know that chemists are non-existent out here now, as we made a thorough job of it while we were about it.

You may use this letter as you wish.

Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) A. C. L.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle, including purchase tax. Do not blame your chemist if he is temporarily out of stock, he is doing his best in these difficult days of limited supplies and restricted transport,

Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.



Why Shouldn't You FEEL FINE All The Time

TO go through each day with brightness and zest depends upon internal health and the good spirits that go with it. Purely vegetable, Bile Beans keep you "feeling fine" all the time.

Purifying the blood and gently eliminating food-wastes and harmful toxins, Bile Beans clear the skin and keep you fit, vital and slim. So, for bright eyes, clear complexion, and that tireless energy to "keep the pace"—just remember nightly—

BILE BEANS

Where's my BOURNVILLE COCOA?

. . . We all need now that *extra* nourishment that Bournville Cocoa gives

NO POINTS —AND ONLY

5d A QUARTER

Uniformly admired . . . that **Schoolgirl Complexion!**

No wonder she has plenty of partners . . she always entrusts the care of her skin to Palmolive! Let the rich, velvety, olive-oil lather of Palmolive care for *your* skin—give you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe and keep you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

PALMOLIVE

4d. *Including Tax*

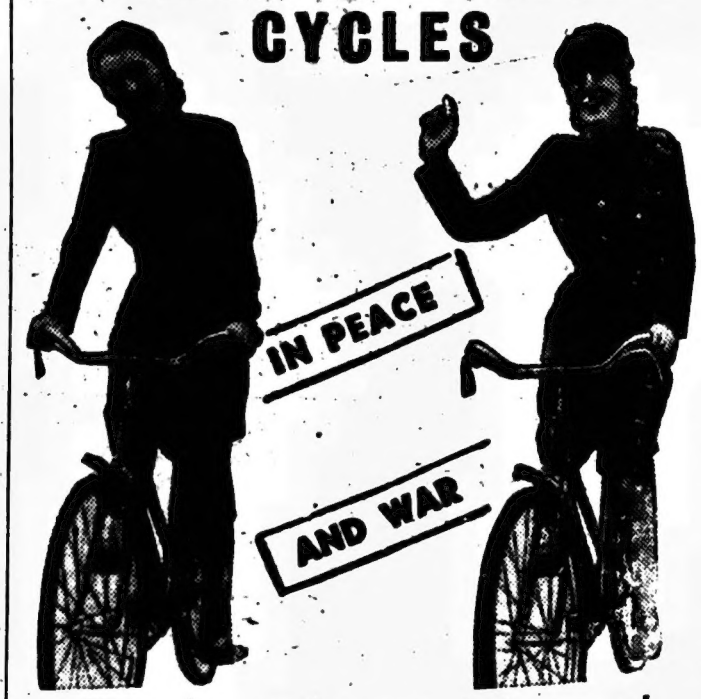
NOTICE TO USERS OF RIZLA CIGARETTE MACHINES

A NEW Band for your machine of specially treated paper can be obtained from most tobacconists for 1d. It will wear and clean as good as the original rubber fabric one, and is easily fitted.

Thousands of unused Rizla Machines are lying about. If you have one in your house why not give it to a friend who can use it? Or offer it to your Tobacconist who may know of someone who would be glad of it.

RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS FILTER TIPS and MACHINES

HERCULES CYCLES



Hercules cycles are being used by the Army, R.A.F. and Women's Auxiliary Services.

The Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. . . . Aston. . . Birm[illegible]

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australasia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.